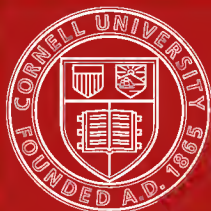


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THE BERKELEYAN

VOLUME XXIII

March to June, 1887

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✓ THE SONNET IN AMERICA.

THE sonnet had been so often and so variously defined (Byron called it "the most puling, petrifying, stupidly Platonic composition" —and composed seven) that in ironical reply to some unusually perverse conception printed in the *London Times* of 1832, Coleridge declared, with grim humor, that "a copy of verses consisting of exactly fourteen lines is an *English* sonnet; the rhymes being the ordinary, but not necessary accompaniment." Criticism, as Stedman has recently said, "is the art and practice of declaring in what degree any word, character, or action conforms to the right." What, then, is the correct standard by which we may measure redundances, or point out deficiencies of sonnet writers? It is the Italian sonnet as perfected by Dante and Petrarca, and of which a brief description, condensed from the best authorities, is herewith given.

In *purpose*, it is confined to one dominant, poetical thought, so adequately treated as to leave in the mind no sense of insufficiency, and the subordinate related thoughts must not distract, but must heighten the effect of its presentation.

In *form* it is a stanza of fourteen lines of rhyming iambic pentameters, consisting of a major portion called the octave, subdivided into two quatrains, and of a minor, called the sestet, subdivided into two tercets. The rhymes must not exceed five in number—two in the octave, not more than three in the sestet; they must be perfect, not forced, and properly varied.

In *execution*, there must not be a speck of obscurity, not a superfluous, nor weak, nor misplaced word. It must open with significance, progress with power, and close impressively. It must, furthermore, as it is a true lyric, be musical throughout.

Truly a complex mechanism, but one which under the hands of a master poet able to perfectly control and modulate its parts is capable of producing on the cultivated mind a certain poetic effect realized by no other instrument. Other forms of verse may gratify, even if defects are

apparent in structure and finish, but the student of the sonnet, while accepting any new thought, or new variation on an old thought, expressed in a fourteen-line stanza, will insist as necessary to his complete gratification upon the most skillful and delicate adjustment of language possible. He desires something more than the simple, pure emotion awakened by the song ; more than the neat wit of rhymed quatrains ; more than the ponderous elegance, natural or finical, of blank verse. He demands that the sonnet shall exemplify the excellencies common to all true poetry of the higher range, but as it were condensed into a drop of essence or sublimed into an intoxicating aroma, thrilling, pervading.

When an era of social quiescence is rudely ended by the heart-stirring clarion of war, intellectual activities are wakened by the same pulsation that arouses in the breast emotions of self-preservation and patriotism. The Homeric epic sprang to light in a period probably chronologically identical with the events it depicts. The "Divine Comedy" was produced when Italy was writhing in the throes of internal dissension and foreign aggression. The "Paradise Lost" may well be considered an allegory of the combative democratic principle rampant during the struggles of the Commonwealth. So when the British Jason drove his furrows and sowed his iron shot on the slopes of Bunker Hill, a harvest of statesmen as well as heroes, orators as well as soldiers, sprang up, and what the sword wrote in lurid red, the pen nimbly commemorated. And here, once again, a not inglorious epic was written. Epic poetry, therefore, is contemporaneous with great national emotion, and then also lyric poetry bursts its chrysalis and expands its wings. Excitement may not be true inspiration, but it certainly is the occasion for its advent. The literature immediately preceding and succeeding the American civil war is a further illustration of this truth.

The sonnet likewise shares the vicissitudes of other forms of poetry. Cultivated in England with the most favorable results up to Milton's time, it bloomed no more until the stimulating days of Bowles and Wordsworth, which may be said to mark also the true beginnings of an original or independent American literature.

English critics of the past have slightly alluded to colonial pedantry and servile imitation as characteristics of earlier American literature. But in cutting loose from the maternal apron strings the colonists achieved an independence of more than a single kind or degree. The delicious odor of the English hawthorne was lost amid the more diffusive, pungent perfume of the New England azaleas. The poetic eye at last perceived the stately grandeur of his pines when the overshadowing foliage of the

broad-spreading English oak was hewn down. And at length the forest ambuscades, the mountain massacres, the midnight conflagrations of former years were kindly veiled by beneficent time under a poetic haze of legend. So our Longfellow and Whittier, our Irving, and Cooper, and Simms found themes worthy of their labor, at the same time congenial to the taste of their audience, and thus began to remove the slur of uniformity. The blood-stained Modoc lava-beds, and the atrocious deeds of an Apache raid possess for our eyes no feature of poetic interest; but when the red man has finally vanished from our sight a certain glamor shall conceal his misdeeds, and his lore shall become cherished when the ordinary conceits of poetry have become trite and insipid, and shall help to mark still more deeply the growing individuality of American prose and verse.

With regard, however, to any specific individuality of American sonnets not much can be said. In other forms of literature and of art, the perceptiveness, lightness, agility, predominance of nervous force, and other characteristics of our people may be significantly present. But aside from changes of theme dependent upon events and local scenery, and institutions accidental to our country, the American sonnet may in no other sense differ from the English.

The mass of American sonnets are irregular in form, trifling in subject, expositions of surface emotional experiences, or descriptions of not uncommon delights in the beauties displayed in the natural world. Very few exhibit not merely mastery of the laws governing this species of verse, and of the secret alchemy of meter and melody in general, but in addition those qualities distinctive of the highest kind of poetry—breadth and purity of conception, depth of sympathy, clearness of analysis, and amplitude combined with exquisiteness of treatment. This is more especially true of the earlier sonnets, from which most of their original savor has evaporated, and for this cause, no doubt, the task of critically reading them (like Leigh Hunt's going to church) had something "compulsory" about it. Take, for example, what is supposed to be the first American sonnet, by Col. David Humphreys, entitled—

THE SOUL.

My heaven-born soul! by body unconfined,
 Leave that low tenement and roam abroad;
 Foretell the time, when, left each clog behind,
 Thy flight shall mount where never mortal trod.
 Even now, methinks, upborne in tranced dreams,
 The disencumbered essence tries its wings,
 Sees better planets, basks in brighter beams,
 To purer sight mysterious symbols brings,
 Of unconceived, unutterable things.

Though dust returned to dust the worms devour,
 Thee can dread Death annihilate or bind ?
 There, King of Terrors! stops thy dreaded power;
 The bright assurgent, from all dross refined,
 High o'er the immense of space regains the world of mind.

Certainly a worthy theme well adapted to treatment in sonnet form. Yet, while wrought out with care, and closing with a certain impressiveness, it leaves no defined, exalted idea in our minds. One reason is, there is no logical development of thought pervading the whole composition. The indefiniteness of the whole is contributed to by indistinct images conveyed by such antediluvian and tautological epithets as "trancèd dreams," "disencumbered essence," "bright assurgent," "the immense of space." As to form, the sonnet is but fairly executed. It ends in a couplet, and with a "needless alexandrine," and, further, a rhyme of the first quatrain is repeated in the sestet. Compare the sonnet quoted, with a recent one dwelling on much the same theme, by Edgar Fawcett, called—

OTHER WORLDS.

I sometimes muse, when my adventurous gaze
 Has roamed the starry arches of the night,
 That were I dowered with strong angelic sight,
 All would look changed in those pale heavenly ways.
 What wheeling worlds my vision would amaze !
 What chasms of gloom would thrill me and affright !
 What rhythmic equipoise would rouse delight !
 What moons would beam on me, what suns would blaze !

Then through my awed soul sweeps the larger thought
 Of how creation's edict may have set
 Vast human multitudes on those far spheres,
 With towering passions to which mine mean naught,
 With majesties of happiness, or yet
 With agonies of un conjectured tears !

We perceive in the first place a distinct division into octave and sestet. The first quatrain states a proposition—"all would look changed;" the second exemplifies the changes; the sestet powerfully presents a fine thought distinctly following from that of the octave and confirms and enlarges the impression made by it. The rhymes are perfect, the meter nearly so, the epithets happy.

Certain writers have emphasized the necessity of a logical development of the various parts of the sonnet (one has called it a "syllogism in verse"); that the first quatrain should contain the proposition, the second quatrain the proof, the sestet the conclusion or inference; or otherwise stated, first presentation, second exposition, third application. The finest sonnets of Dante are composed on such basis. The test, therefore, of a good sonnet,

may be made in this manner: paraphrase into prose, examine whether or not the sentiment *in ipso* is a poetical one when stripped of the fictitious values the author may have imposed by his word-gilding or "horticultural rhetoric," and see if the thought is fairly stated and fully developed.

Naturally little attention was paid by our earlier sonnet writers to the exigencies of structure and rhyme; thus many of even Wordsworth's compositions are merely short poems. While we admire the stateliness of Washington Allston's sonnets, corresponding to the sincere esteem he felt towards those masters of the brush whom he addressed, we critically see many imperfections that mar our pleasure. Thus in his "Rembrandt," unfortunate is the comparison of the painter's "visionary scenes" to the "rambling of an idiot's speech," wherein, however, he evidently wished to express the ancient concept of supernatural power in the demoniac. Again his "On the Death of Coleridge" is faulty in style, the only distinct pauses at the ends of his lines being in the first and twelfth lines, precisely just where there should be none, and yet no lover of the seer of Rydal Mount could wish it unwritten.

Park Benjamin was a writer prolific in what for want of a better name we must call sonnets, beautiful, clever. His best is "The Stars." Among the earlier sonneteers we number James Dixon, Jedediah Vincent Huntington, Rev. Norman Pinney, Judge Robert T. Conrad, George Hill, George Lunt, Charles Fenno Hoffman, William Motherwell, Theodore Parker, and John Howard Bryant, best seen in his "Autumn," and his "There is a magic in the moon's mild ray." In all of these we note a profuseness of rhymes, amounting to eight, nine, or even ten; and the almost invariable use of a rhyming couplet in the two concluding lines. The rhyming couplet is used with best effect in humorous epigrammatic and satirical poetry, as Butler's "Hudibras," or Pope's "Dunciad." It has a sharp snap, like the banging of a spring gate, and in a poem like the sonnet it diverts the attention from the main thought that should have been fully stated in the second quatrain. If we consider the sonnet as a piece of music, as it should be, the musical effect of such a close, resembles the introduction of deep base notes at the end of a song for tenor voices. These two characteristics, metrical and musical, sufficiently condemn its use in the sonnet, and impair our delight in William Cullen Bryant's picturesque verse.

Bryant's sonnets number only six, all irregular. His "William Tell," is a strain worthy the subject, and we remark that nothing seems so inspiring like great personal valor or virtue, and that greatest of human virtues—self-sacrifice on the altar of friendship or patriotism. Bryant's "October"

and "November," take a high rank among irregular sonnets. In his "Midsummer" we really feel—

"As if the Day of Fire had dawned, and sent
Its deadly breath into the firmament."

A memorial, more noble than the few sonnets of Richard Henry Wilde, shall be his discovery of Giotto's portrait on the walls of the Bargello. He is at his best in the sonnet "To Lord Byron," quite regular in form, and remarkable for its perfect double rhymes.

With most of our poets whose efforts in lines of narrative, imaginative, or didactic verse have been crowned with success, the sonnet has been a diversion rather than a serious study. Of such are:—

Josiah Gilbert Holland, whose "Two Homes," published a year before his death, is worthy of mention.

James Gates Percival, who himself says that his verse does not "bear the marks of the file and burnisher," that he likes to see "poetry in the full ebullition of fancy and feeling, foaming up with the spirit of life, and glowing with the rainbows of a glad inspiration,"—a remark embodying the very criticism to which his sonnets are open. His most pleasing sonnet is "If on the clustering curls of thy dark hair."

Thomas Buchanan Read, whose "Indian Summer" is a good specimen of word-painting.

William W. Story, whose "Be of good cheer ye firm and dauntless few," is probably an apostrophe to Garrison, Phillips, and their fellow-workers in the cause of abolition.

Henry Theodore Tuckerman, whose "Love Sonnets" are pleasing enough to disarm criticism.

Nathaniel Parker Willis, whose "I care not that the world when I am dead" is only remarkable from the fact that a young man in the glory of graduation from college troubled his mind on such a subject.

Edgar Allen Poe, whose iconoclastic "Rationale of Verse" shows his familiarity with the principles and technique of the poetic art, has failed in his few sonnets of anything worthy a place in an anthology—except it be one of "Eccentricities of Poetry."

A certain sincerity of purpose, verging on didacticism, is visible in whatever Whittier writes. He does not soar into the empyrean whither the flaming genius of a Shelley takes his flight; the sentiments of his "home-taught songs" (as he calls them in his sonnet "Response," written in 1877), are those of "plain people," lacking the finer metrical quality and sparkling brilliancy. Thus his "Leggett's Monument," the theme of one of Bryant's shorter poems, impresses into us a hatred of hypocrisy and sham; it has

the force of a direct appeal to our love of truth. The other sonnets "Help," "Requirement," "Forgiveness," etc., of the Quaker poet, are little more than "fourteen line homilies."

The numerous sonnets of Jones Very are imbued, almost saddened, with the religious mysticism that clouded his mind in later years, and read like a series of chants in quiet monotone. Now and again, as if the ascetic had glanced for a moment beyond the door of his cell, the somber tint is enlivened by flashes of natural color, as in his "Nature."

The same joylessness characterizes the few sonnets of Robert Kelley Weekes, as if written by one over whom hangs the gloom of a foreshadowed premature death, against whose—

"Past my Present seems to lie
As bare and black as yonder barren trees
Against the brightness of the morning sky,
Whose golden expectation puts to shame
The lurking hopes to which they still lay claim."

The exceeding scarcity of the humorous sonnet, like the song, "oftener put on as a robe of sacrifice than as a festal garment," was at first a cause of surprise. Upon reflection, however, the reason is not obscure. Leigh Hunt remarks in one of his delightful essays, "Our imagination cannot take kindly to a yard of wit or to thirty inches of moral observation." Brevity decidedly is one of the subtle essences that make wit so delicious, and the sonnet, although a short poem, is metrically quite long. Cork up wit in this vessel of fourteen drachms, and like the sparkle of some effervescent drink poured out slowly—it vanishes in the open glass of contemplation. I have not found one witty, and at the same time legitimate, sonnet written by an American writer. Park Benjamin's "Sport," is drearily humorous, William Gibson's "To the Comet," 1874, slightly so, and of the eight productions of the American Hood, John G. Saxe, not one is in the true form.

With all his fun, he has, nevertheless, well illustrated the near kinship of humor and pathos. While we enjoy the genial fun and pointed puns of his "The Proud Miss Macbride" and the malicious wit of his "Progress," his sonnet "Bereavement"—awakens in the heart a sweet, sad mood. Though couched in the lowliest language, in everything but the profusion of rhymes and catenation of lines it is a fairly good sonnet. This with his later "Compensation," "Parting," and "Mnemosyne," written subsequently to the rapidly succeeding deaths of his family (whom he has just now gone to join) raise him from the level of the mere humorist and versifier to that of the true poet.

If humor were inherent in the sonnet, we should be sure to find examples of it in the sonnet of Oliver Wendell Holmes—an American Swift, devoid of coarseness and bitter inhuman malice. But we look in vain. "Nearing the Snowline" contains a saddened feeling quite foreign to his usual frolicsomeness. His earnest "Joseph Warren" stimulates the patriotic feeling in the most sluggish breast; for such an epitaph one might willingly die; and the close of "Veritas," the second of two sonnets addressed to Harvard, 1878, sounds like a trumpet-blast. The spirit of Longfellow himself lingers in his three sonnets to "Our Dead Singer."

"Oh, for our vanished Orpheus once again!
The shadowy silence hears us call in vain!
His lips are hushed; his song can never die."

—*Atlantic, June, 1882.*

As by general acclaim, Longfellow shines in the zenith of the firmament of American poets—a galaxy steadily increasing in brilliance, so high a position must be claimed also for his sonnets, lovely in artistic symmetry, gorgeous yet harmonious in color, musically and rhythmically sweet. In them likewise appears to full advantage his apt use of striking, graphic, realistic language, whose vividness is impressed on the memory. Added to this, as a student and translator of that

"bringer of the light, whose splendor shines
Above the darkness of the Apennines"

he possesses a correct idea of the capabilities and structure of the sonnet. Best of all, and perhaps choicest of all American sonnets, is his oft-quoted "Nature," which with quiet, unpretending, simple, large-souled earnestness deals with that great mysterious change inevitable to all humanity. It has the gentle, pure charm which the nun's head-dress lends to an even austere countenance.

NATURE.

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid may not please him more;
So Nature deals with us and takes away
Our playthings, one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

His sonnet "On Milton" has the sonorous movement, the full-toned melody of the stern old Puritan. That "On Venice," on the other hand, is a fine example of opulent epithet making up a magnificent word picture. The ocean—vast, unbounded, full of mystery, the symbol of infinite space, of infinite power, beautiful in its deceitful calms, terrible in its tempests—possesses all elements of poetical inspiration to which every poet from Homer to Byron has opened his soul, whispering "Aura, veni!" Longfellow has made it the theme of several fine sonnets—"Sound of the Sea," "The Tides," "Summer Day by the Sea." A slightly defective sonnet, "My Cathedral," contains a fine thought, appreciated by each of us who has wandered through the fragrant dimness of a California forest, or, low pillowed on the matted needle carpet, has watched the bright stars untwinkling shine amid the sky-reaching foliage of the giant redwoods.

The criticism passed by Bayard Taylor on the poetical work of Lowell, the last of the Cambridge trio, seems more nearly applicable to his earlier than to his later sonnets. "Whatever form his music may select, it is the individuality of an intellect rather than that of a literary artist which she represents. The reader is never beguiled by studied graces of rhythm. . . . He seems to shrink from the cooler-blooded labor of revision and the adjustment of the rhythmical expression to the informing thought." The twenty-seven sonnets written over forty years ago are full of thought nobly expressed. "Our love is not a fading, earthly flower," and some others, breathe the domestic peace and happiness that enveloped that period of his life. In his, "I ask not for the thoughts that sudden leap," the thought is carried to a fine climax, but the meter is somewhat defective and the ending is a rhymed couplet. "To the Spirit of Keats" is a fine stanza with meter also slightly defective. And hypercriticism might ask how it happens that a "soul" can have "vast, quiet eyes" that may "uplift" one; or how "thy large heart" can "shake down" a "few words." Appreciation alone is not true criticism; and, *per contra*, destructive criticism often merely implies the appreciation really felt. The cultured allusions, the happy, pointed illustrations with which Lowell's prose work is so replete, are not wanting in his sonnets, although generally condensed into such epithets as "life's iron diadem," "moonled pulse of ocean," "a Fame whose *silent* trump makes cheap," the "mornward steps of time" likened to "miser's gold."

After a lapse of more than thirty years Lowell again writes a few more perfect sonnets, "Night Watches," "Mercedes," etc., and of his "Sonnets from over Sea," that entitled "English Border" seems especially worthy of a hearing, although the style is very subdued and the sentiment one which

any poet of "respectable mediocrity" might have laid like a foundling at the door of some magazine and sighed to have seen it rejected.

There is a quartet of American singers, who by the interchange of a mutual esteem (if we may so judge from their sonnets) have encouraged each other in their flights. These are George Henry Boker, Bayard Taylor, Richard Henry Stoddard, and Edmund Clarence Stedman. We should have loved much to have lain down with them all in some open-air symposium at "Green Cedarcroft," where together they felt the fragrant summer breezes and delighted in the "red lawn-roses."

In each of Boker's seventy-eight sonnets the thought is a continuous one, and is not wrought out into logical divisions, distinct in proposition and proof. Otherwise regular they have a wide range. Some relate to events of national interest and importance, best exemplified in his vigorous war-cry, "What! Cringe to Europe"—a veritable "trumpet in his hands," as Wordsworth would say; others exhibit an ethical or didactic tendency, direct and unobscure; and still others, culled from the lands and borders of that domain of emotion—human love, the *ager communis* of all poets, lack none of the freshness and sincere Bayardesque qualities so admired in the gallant Sidney and the courtly Surrey. His sonnet, "Not when the buxom form which nature wears," is the finest example I can cite of the periodic sentence in verse.

Bayard Taylor, traveler, poet, essayist, critic, journalist, and translator, is one of those voluminous writers, who, while producing much that shall continue a valued portion of our national literature, consider the practice of the poetic art their true vocation, in which whatever success they attain outweighs in sterling merit their other achievements. Not one of his sonnets can be read without pleasure. In his "To a Persian Boy" he happily weds a western energy to oriental luxuriousness of expression. The choicest of the others seems to be that in which he delineates his own restless, active life.

Quite contrary to expectation, based on the memory of the felicitous spontaneity of his simpler poems, the grace and even grandeur of language of his more powerful "History" and "Guests of the State" (1876), evoked during unworried leisure in the dusty recesses of the New York custom house, or the undisturbed solitude of the municipal library, the sonnets of Stoddard are few, and not particularly noteworthy. Had he written any sonnet comparable with "On looking into Chapman's Homer," or "Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art," willingly would we concur in crowning him the American Keats, whom he addresses as "master of my soul."

Stedman causes a similar disappointment. His sonnets are not alto-

gether regular, but as to style and language are finished exactly, as might be expected from his close, critical application to the study of older poets. They are few, not exceeding, I believe, five in number. Of these, "A Mother's Picture" is the best, unconsciously reflecting in quieter shades an agnate theme of Milton's.

The sonnet is a form of composition that offers fair opportunities to the minor poets—"the silvery minor of earth's perfect song," conscious of inability to compose longer poems of sustained power and impressive grandeur, whose conceptions are yet entitled to presentation, and whose undoubted talent insures a hearing. Perchance they may leap, dolphin-like, for a moment above the flapping waves of mediocrity, and mid a dazzling, silvery spray, burst upon the enraptured vision like some transformed sprite whose beauty shall linger long after the enchanting shape has disappeared again, perhaps forever, in the deep. In truth the most popular, best remembered pieces of the major poets are generally brief, and the very adaptability of the sonnet to the exposition of any mood, grave or gay, any experience, profound or trivial, accounts for the almost numberless sonnets with which our later poetical literature abounds. The critic apparently wanders through an immense conservatory filled with the most lovely of Flora's treasures. One charms by its curious form or graceful shape, another by its agreeable perfume, a third by its magnificent display of color and blending of tints. The profusion bewilders, while the mind contemplates some *finesse* of thought in one, the brilliant beauties of another are dazzling the eye, and the tendrils of emotion of a third are gently, yet fixedly, entwining the heart.

An increasing number of contemporary sonneteers are distinguished by a delicate refinement and smooth technical finish. Perhaps no one possesses a more fastidious taste and exhibits more painstaking care than Thomas Bailey Aldrich. The penetrating, sad sweetness of "Baby Bell," the heroic, triumphant self-negation of "Judith" are familiar beloved specimens of his work. And among his sonnets that are particularly pleasing to the cultivated mind may be mentioned his "Sleep," his sprightly "The Colonel," his lively "Enamored Architect of Airy Rhyme," and his word-picture "Barberries."

Edgar Fawcett lightly passes "from rich sunshine to dew-haunted shade," and embodies in his sonnets many a fine thought or noble sentiment well wrought out in choicest phrases, and enriched with felicitous epithets that give point and emphasis. A willow he terms an "incomparable Niobe of trees." In broader dashes of color he equals Aldrich's power of natural description, best seen in his "Maples," "Asters," "Indian Sum-

mer." He strikes a deeper chord in "Betrothal," "Grant Dying," and "Anger." The metrical movement is truly lyrical, but too full and free, especially in the introduction of feet other than iambic. Thus every line of his "Asters" contains a dactyl.

In some of the earlier sonnets of Richard Watson Gilder there is an unpleasant mannerism, consisting of such an imbecile repetition of words as

"Thy lover, Love, would have some nobler way
To tell his love, his noble love to tell."

Or again, in "The Dark Room,"

"So early had she yearned from yearning sleep;"

And while in other poems his "excellent technical qualities" may be apparent, they certainly do not comprehend a recognition of the imperative laws of the sonnet. His two sonnets "Undying Light" are good, although ending in couplets; his "Charleston," written after the earthquake of 1886, is worthy of mention, and his tribute to "H. H." might be quoted if space sufficed.

The sonnets of James Berry Bensen are of a somber, reflective cast, as their titles, "Failure," "Patience," "To be Dead," "The Passing of Summer" (these two last are very good) indicate. In "A Portrait" the luscious description of beautiful, full-blooming maidenhood, unconscious of misfortune, ends with dramatic contrast—

"The while her thoughts like carrier-doves have fled
To that far land, where armies clash and shout,
And where, beyond love's reach, a soldier tall
With staring eyes and broken sword lies dead."

Another poet, whose loss was deplored last year, is Paul Hamilton Hayne, than whom none sang more sweetly in our Southern airs. The South has not lacked her Simms, her Lanier, her Timrods, her Mrs. Preston, her John Esten Cooke, but the poet of Copse Hill surpasses them all in both the amount and the quality of his verse. Endowed with artistic insight into the wonders of the visible world, and a happy faculty of surprising nature in her more secret haunts, he has also the power of finely materializing upon paper what he sees and what he feels. His descriptive sonnets "November," two on "Sunset," "Cloud Phantasies," "March Morning in the Woods," "Japonicas," are true to nature, and his well chosen, highly-colored epithets are yet not of the gaudiness that makes the poetry of the eighteenth century seem so rapid and artificial. Of equal merit are his graver sonnets, "I Fear Thee not, O Death!" "Fate, or God?" "As one who strays from out some shadowy glade," and "Guatama." His 'Apostrophe to Alexander H. Stephens' should be compared with Stedman's "Abraham Lincoln."

A sonneteer of promise is O. C. Auringer, the farmer-poet of Lake George, a John Burroughs in verse, whose "Winter," "Confession," and "Fading Days," have a charm of freshness, despite triteness of topic, which no mere echoer of time-honored sentiments could impart, but which springs from an uncommon reverence for the powers and admiration of the beauties of nature. Compare his "Flight of the War Eagle," [Grant] with H. C. Bunner's "Dead in Bohemia." Auringer's sonnets are irregular, and miss the desired smoothness of versification. Bryant's metaphor, "The rivulet is made musical by the obstructions in its channel," is not applicable to the music of the sonnet, which more resembles the rhythmic dashing of waters over a series of equidistant terraces.

Clinton Scollard has achieved a certain success in his "Aurora Borealis" and "The Portent," and his "Wild Coreopsis" is a bewitching day-dream.

"A sea of blossoms, golden as the glow
Of morning sunlight on a wind-rocked bay,
Beneath the breeze of this rare autumn day
Heaves in soft undulation to and fro;
Like incense, floating o'er the marsh below,
Come fragrant odors of the late-mown hay;
Beyond, in harmony of green and gray,
The stately tamaracks tower in stately row.
And wading through the shimmering waves with song
Upon his lips, a fair-haired youth I see,
Who swings off the saffron blossom-bells:
Back roll the years—a melancholy throng—
And I behold in sea-girt Sicily
Theocritus amid the asphodels."

Of the forty sonnets of Maurice F. Egan, "Theocritus," "At the End of Autumn," and "Of Flowers," may be mentioned as his best. Some of Oscar Fay Adams' work in his late "Post-Laureate Idyls" is tender and exquisite; and the strain of H. H. Boyesen invigorates like a bracing breeze from the pine forests of Norway.

"College Verses" is the title of a collection of poems written by undergraduates of the University of California that embraces thirteen sonnets, of which certainly nine are worthy a place in an anthology of choice American sonnets. Most of them betray imperfections in meter and rhyme which more practiced ears would have detected and amended; but mainly reflective in character they exhibit originality and an unexpected maturity of thought. "A Lost Guide," by Edmund C. Sanford, is the most powerful of the three sonnets he contributes. The threefold repetition of the line "No more the prophet speaks the words of life!"—a species of refrain, causes inadmissible rhymes in the tercets. "O Patient, Noble Heart," by Alice E. Pratt, is well treated. "Through Rose of

Dawn," by Seddie E. Anderson, embodies one of those pretty sentiments to which she elsewhere gave expression in "The Nest in the Oak," "In the Shade," "Under the Sands." "Lone Spirit of the Autumn," by F. L. Foster, barring its final hexameter, is very good; and Charles S. Greene's "Nirvana," seems preferable to any of his later sonnets. Certain vowel rhymes in the tercets of Charles H. Shinn's "The gray clouds weighted all the air," proscribed by the laws of the sonnet, mar a very beautiful stanza.

If there is a province peculiarly belonging to woman, who sings at earth's cradle, it certainly should be that of music and poetry. But while her touch is nimbly tender and daintily true, the strings she vibrates are faint and few, and the mellow, dulcet harmonies she evokes in her green, flowery glades, are oft inaudible amid the resounding clangors of the heedless hunters on the mountains. Yet, while the world is not a Midas in respect of ears, the celestial ear intently listening to that grand symphony of song ever pealing upward has caught the re-echoing swell of some triumphant Miriam, and the thrilling note of the passionate Lesbian, and the plangent lament of some uncomforted Rachel are not unheard. Embodied in her more delicate frame are a nervous susceptibility, an acute perceptiveness, a capacity for keen feeling, qualities that mingled with purity, gentleness, and grace, should make her the singer of all that is sweet and bright in spite of the tragedy of motherhood and the arrowy sorrows of domestic existence.

One of those souls "of fire within a woman's clay" was Mrs. Helen Maria Jackson, whose sonnets often are the reflections of the brightness and sweetness of character that made her society so charming, or on the other hand echoes from the depths of despairing grief, into which such impulsive spirits sometimes descend. Their whole beauty is not spread on the surface to be fully gathered by one who skims hurriedly along. The full meaning of her sonnet "Thought" (Emerson's favorite) is not perceived at first reading. Her love of nature—

"Thus I love nature, and can find no fit,
Safe words to praise her, lest I should commit
Spite of my reverence, a blasphemy"—

And her powers of description find utterance in her sonnets on the months (that on "September" is especially fine). "On Two Pictures by Vedder" are two sonnets of striking contrast; one—"The Young Marsyas," breathes the sweetness of an idyl of the Golden Age; the other—"The Cumæan Sibyl," the fiery fury of a disdained Cassandra. But her best achievements are in the direction of contemplative thought. In "Burnt Ships," and in "Tidal Waves"—

“ On which are borne brave women’s souls
 To barren islands, where, too strong to die,
 Even of thirst, and loneliness, and scorn,
 Like ghastly, stranded wrecks, long years they lie ! ”

The passionate emotion that fills her heaving breast wells forth through trembling lips. “ Danger,” exhibiting a philosophic fatalism, “ The Victory of Patience,” “ Fcalty,”—her last sonnet, are noble poems, dignified and stately. The irregularities of structure and rhyme, slight matter to her whose “ spirit smote with its own sword,” we omit to notice, as we gladly do in enjoying the sonnets of Shakespeare and of Mrs. Browning, and we thankfully accept her sonnets as frank utterances of a seeress and reliquaries of a true poet.

The numerous sonnets of Edith M. Thomas are delightfully pervaded by a delicate feminine fragrance not altogether impersonal. “ Ephemera,” “ Delay,” “ A Revenge,” “ Frost,” “ Music,” are a few of her many—

“ golden songs that keep the gleam
 Of early sunlight through the darkened wood.”

EPHEMERA.

Midges and moths—ay, all you restless things
 That dance and tourney in the fields of air,
 You, Psyche’s post-man, trim and debonaire,
 With eye-like freckles on your bronzed wings;
 You, candle-elves, whose strange emblazonings
 With sign of death our ancient gossips scare,
 Or who, when sleeps the humming-bird, repair,
 With stealthy beaks to drain the honey-springs:—

Your secret’s out ! I know you for the souls
 Of all light loves that ever caused heartache,
 Still dancing suit, as some new beauty toles !
 Nor can you e’er your flitting ways forsake
 Till the just winds strip off your painted stoles,
 And seer leaves follow in your downward wake,

Womanly purity and kindliness fill the sonnets of the late Mary Clemmer, characteristically shown in her “ Inadequacy.”

“ The Magic Flute,” of Mrs. Frances L. Mace, well conveys the singular impressiveness of music heard at a distance on the water, and in the hush of a moonlight evening:—

“ O happy player ! drifting down the tide,
 Half of thy music’s charm thou hast not known;
 With me alone its magic shall abide,
 For fairy lips with thine the strain have blown,
 And love’s lost whisper in the echo sighed.”

The varied feelings aroused by music are further skillfully depicted in Helen Gray Cone’s “ Bach’s St. Mathew Passion Music,” Celia Thaxter’s

"Beethoven," which should be read in conjunction with the earlier "Beethoven," by Margaret Fuller. The delicious flavor of Miss Cone's sonnets may be tasted best in her "Ellen Terry's Beatrice."

Genuine feeling permeates Julia C. R. Dorr's "To-day," "Darkness," "Silence," and with her touching "Mercedes," compare Effie Dunreith Glück's "Alfonso." We are permitted to mention a few only of the best sonnets of a few other female poets, such as Mary Christine Kipp's "Clematis;" Caroline A. Mason's "May" and "Reconciliation;" Maria Mason's "Nature's Lover" (John Muir); Louise Chandler Moulton's "Before the Shrine," "Love's Empty House," "The Oldest Friend;" Margaret J. Preston's "At St. Oswald's;" Susan Marr Spaulding's "Dear Hands," an old thought, in a new dress, and "Death's First Lesson;" and finally, Caroline R. Wilkinson's "Out of the Depths," earnest as a prayer.

Poets are fond of opening the same old book of nature at the same old pages, and with tiresome iteration dress up the same old idols of sentiment and affection in whatever fragments of finery they can lay hands upon. Then, too, they build their sonnets on such trifling bases,—kisses, blushes, fans, curls, crickets,—that though finished with skill, these resemble some genre paintings of the Flemish school, interesting as bits of color or as faultless specimens of imitative art, yet not to be ranged with the higher products of imaginative, creative work. And in the somewhat monotonous task of reading over hundreds of sonnets, the critical sense is rescued from a Nirvana-like sleep only by being interruptedly revived and sharpened by other forms of poetry, as wine-tasters use chestnuts and crackers. The mere number of sonneteers is growing so large that Stedman, in his "Poets of America," evidently shrinks from the mention of their names. He speaks of the "mob of gentlemen who write with ease and curious labor" (a bone adroitly heaved into the midst of the unnamed, who must be appeased somewhat), and thinks it "questionable, considering the accumulated results of English poetry, whether more sonnets [etc.] are a real addition to it." Most of our poets write as a "diversion," to perchance gain a contemporary reputation doomed to fade like the ink on old manuscripts, but more likely to be buried beyond resurrection beneath the mountain of song which each generation heaps higher and higher. Their sonnets are *read* as a diversion, and forgotten. The enrapturing song of yesterday is like the flitting dream of yesternight; its echoes like the shadowy forms that fade away as the morning-star rises.

But the reading public demands poetry, in small doses, at least, and in the current magazine the poet finds his opportunity to address audiences never to be reached by verses enshrined in purple silk and glossy vellum.

Indeed, many of the sonnets above referred to in the first instance appeared in monthly magazines and weekly papers; and I take pleasure in mentioning a few others of especial value, that have not been met elsewhere in print: A. B. Boyle's "Widowed," "Beware," and "Mount Blanc;" Herbert E. Clarke's "The Singer," "The Question;" Thomas S. Collier's "Love Deathless," metrically fine; Samuel V. Cole's "Hesperides;" Charles T. Dazey's "The Poet's Art;" Maybury Flemming's "To Sleep;" W. P. Foster's "In November;" Wilbur Larremore's "Gone," marred by a slight grammatical slip; George P. Lathrop's "A Face in the Street," powerfully sad; W. C. Richard's "Beyond Recall" (a reminiscence of Petrarca's sonnet "CCCXIII"); Andrew B. Saxton's "Indian Summer;" Milicent W. Shinn's "Two Sonnets of Lost Love;" John T. Trowbridge's "Three Sonnets;" and Edward Rowland Sill's "Quem Metui Moritura," from Dido's lament in the *Æneid*, Book IV., in which the ictus is carefully made to fall upon important words.

Worthy of quotation is the regular, melodious sonnet by an anonymous author, entitled—

AT MORN.

O patient soul that throbs with bitter pain,
And finds denied the boon of eyelids stirred
By touch of tears; that hears no helpful word,
Or bleeds anew to find it lost again;
That sees the laurel long pursued in vain
Withered and dropped to dust through hope deferred,
And every vision of fair living blurred
By blind unreason of the clouded brain.

It will not all thy days be dark with thee.
His pale-leaved wreath of poppies Time will bind
About thy bruised brow's pathetic scars;
And quietude of peace shall on thee be.
Nay, more; at morn thou wilt look back and find
It was but dark that thou might'st see the stars.

Over Charles de Kay's irregular sonnet "The Blush," there glows a tinge of fancy like the rosy flush which a clear spring sunrise sheds over a bare and frosty landscape.

If the future sonneteer is really desirous of a fame not evanescent let him take full heed of the injunction of Camilla K. von K. expressed in her—

RED LILIES.

Strike fuller chords, or let the music rest!
Of tender songs the world has yet no dearth,
Which scarce survive the moment of their birth.
Be thine in passionate cadences expressed,
And banish morning-glories from thy breast!
A purple dream-flower of the woods is worth
So little in the gardens of the earth;

If gift thou givest, give what we love best.
 Since life is wild with tears, and red with wrongs,
 Let these red lilies typify thy songs,
 If with full fame thou wouldst be comforted.
 Since life is red with wrongs, and wild with tears,
 Oh, move us, haunt us, kill our souls with fears,
 And we will praise thee,—after thou art dead !

The successful, the perfect sonnets are exceedingly few in number. On the one hand the thought may be striking, valuable, but its structural expression faulty; or, on the other hand, nearly perfect form, rhythm, melody may be the husk of but a shabby sentiment, a mere fly in amber.

“ Not from a vain or shallow thought,
 His awful Jove young Phidias brought.”

A sonnet successful simply in technique will invariably seem a *tour de force*; whereas one likewise structurally perfect, but in which further is embalmed some noble idea, properly developed and enforced, will impress with the power of a true lyric, and only when we seek to discover the reason for the emotion awakened, and the serene satisfaction bestowed, do we note that a certain effect is the result of artistic form. While, then, the sonnet is not native among us, there seems no valid reason why, like some exotic plant, it may not with due care and cultivation be made to blossom and bloom, and in the conservatory of genius attain strength of growth, brilliant splendor, and an exquisiteness of the perfume which it breathed during those sunnier days that first smiled upon it.

J. C. ROWELL. U. C., '74.

NOTE.—This article will be followed in the next number of the BERKELEYAN by an index of the American Sonnets in magazines, which Mr. Rowell has very carefully compiled.—ED.

IMMORTALITY.

Go search our many-peopled earth around,
 From East to setting sun, from Pole to Pole,
 And thou wilt find there lies in every soul,
 Though it may lurk within soul-depths profound,
 A thought of Heav'n or happy hunting-ground;
 For e'en when Atheism has neared its goal,
 It falters—of itself does lose control—
 With parting breath declares its creed unsound.
 Our earthly minds by heav'nly hope inspired
 Anticipate with joy a future state
 Where we shall lay aside the care acquired
 On earth, and find ourselves regenerate.
 Man's life is but an amaranthine flow'r
 In bud—'twill bloom at dissolution's hour.

FRED M. WILLIS, U. C., '90.

THE CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

THIS paper is mainly an apology for its own subject. It is not an elaborate and detailed account of the interesting book known as "St. Augustine's Confessions." It is merely an attempt to explain why it is deemed advisable in this age to call attention to such a book, and to set down some of the benefits that the modern reader may expect to derive from its perusal. This implies that it is a work of the present day, neither in spirit nor matter. For when it becomes necessary to point out the value of a book written so many years ago, it means that that value has been questioned, or, perhaps, that the book has dropped out of public notice altogether. To explain the beauties of a production that is confessedly a classic, no matter how many centuries have rolled around since it was written, is a task that calls into activity the power of close observation coupled with a keen appreciation, and the ability to write cleverly and sympathetically. The skill of the special pleader is not required, because it is only the making clear and well-defined of excellencies that all perceive though dimly. But far more difficult is the support of a book that has been pushed aside as useless,—relegated to an upper shelf with a tenderness born of respect for the fame and sanctity of its author, and the widespread influence it exercised in its own proper day. In this case, not only are the good points to be made clear, but they are to be forced up against the wall of modern indifference and stolidity with all the power of an advocate.

Such it is with the "Confessions of Augustine." The radical Protestantism of the Nineteenth Century has placed it in a class of books with which it will have nothing to do. It is a part of the patristic literature. This is enough. With that literature we have nothing in common. Though born in honesty and trained in trial and righteousness, it matured in corruption. The patristic became the scholastic. The errors of the fathers were grafted upon the pure and vigorous life of the early church, and the result was the ecclesiasticism with whose incubus we struggled for centuries. Our modern life began only when we shook it off. This literature is the remains of an age whose ashes should be cast to the winds—an age of inaction, of ignorance, of oppression. The church found us outcast children; although she gave us shelter and protection, she refused all else. When the time of manhood came, and we sought to free ourselves from a control suited only to our childhood, and an empty and bar-

ren childhood at that, it was not the gentle, regretful restraint of a mother that held us back, but the strong, binding arms of a tyrant. The chains she had forged for us were heavy and strong, but we tore ourselves loose, not, however, without a tremendous struggle, the very recalling of which stirs up within us, to all their old fierceness, the fires of a perpetual hatred. The church has not yet ceased to execrate us and our fathers who first went astray. We have cast her off in our striving for a higher goal. It is true, the life is still in her, but it is an existence without purpose and without consciousness, the reflex fluttering of a decapitated fowl. It is the mere postulate of negation, a living death. In her life of conscious activity, as well as her death of groping indecision, there can be nothing for us. Her record is a stain, a contamination, and we would have it effaced.

Such a spirit is short-sighted, if not bigoted. It may be true that the Latin Church has outlived her time of usefulness, but she is here as a living and potent force, and should be met as an element in modern life. For many ages she controlled the destinies of the race. Like the air-cushion at the base of an elevator shaft, she eased the down-rushing fall of the Roman Empire. She is the true connecting link between the modern and the ancient, and during the intervening centuries she held in her lap the good and the bad, the wisdom and the unwisdom, the broadness and the narrowness that is in humanity. Her history was the world's history. It is in this light, as the central figure of a transition age, that she is deserving of a place in men's thoughts. She came along in the course of events, and, historically, affords a rich field whence may be drawn valuable lessons for our own time.

Her literature, however, if we are to turn to scholasticism for it, can make no such claim. It was ephemeral, barren; the work of intellects bound up in the ever-tightening ligaments of a jealous ecclesiasticism. Inspiration was not wanting, but freedom was; and it made little difference whether the trammels were imposed from without or self-imposed; the latter only makes the repression the more evident. The scholastic is the true literature of the church as we know her, and it may be seriously questioned whether it is a literature at all; nor may the church as a church hope ever to have a better or even another, for the requisite freedom is not there. But different it is with that earlier literature, the writings of the fathers. They were not followers but leaders. They put their personal stamp upon the Scripture and the church was compelled to conform. Nominally Catholics, they were in fact disputants whose cause has finally prevailed in the councils of the church, thus throwing about them

the sanctity of orthodoxy instead of the curse of heresy. What they accomplished, though appropriated by the Roman Church, is in great part the heritage of the Christian world.

Augustine was the greatest of these, "the prince of theologians." He was in the true sense a father of the church—he was a founder. He hewed out his own path, traveling whither truth led. Hence it is that Augustinism is something more than Latinism; and the proof of this lies in the fact that all sects alike find in him an expounder of the faith. Luther was his disciple, and another of the great reformers was closely allied to him, as appears from the statement of Gibbon: "The Church of Rome has canonized Augustine and reprobated Calvin. Yet the *real* difference between them is invisible even to a theological microscope." He was a strong man, and, in his day, before the church, like a case-worm, had spun for herself an unyielding shell out of the pebbles of dogma, the influence of such a man yet had weight. While he could not alter the gospel, he could affect the form of his religion, for we all are aware how flexible is the interpretation of Scripture. It is his interpretation that has been accepted, and he stands pre-eminent among the teachers of Christianity. Since his day it has been, "There is one church, the only church, and Augustine is her prophet." Here again comes Gibbon, who always has something to say, and to the point: "The rigid system of Christianity which he framed or restored, has been entertained with public applause and secret reluctance by the Latin Church."

This is Augustine as a theologian. But it is not his theology that makes him so valuable to us. What draws us to him and will continue to draw all ages to him is the human qualities that shine forth in him. Of course, these qualities appear in all his writings. But it is in his "Confessions" that the man comes out blended with the divine. They make up the self-inscribed record of his inner life—the restive groping of his human soul through the darkness of uncertainty to rest in the divine light. His nature was, from childhood, passionate and earnest, but indolent. The reading of his early years was of a desultory character. He seemed incapable of steady, determined effort. His mind flitted about from flower to flower, alighting only long enough to gather the sweetness or bitterness contained in each. All the isms of his day (and they were many) engaged his thought, and to one after another he gave his earnest allegiance. The one redeeming quality of his early youth was his inborn love for the truth. His was a nature insatiable in its longing for mental rest, and filled with the fire of genius. It was not strange that long ere his mind had attained the solidity and calmness of maturity, he should have been led into all the

excesses of body as well as of mind. He walked deliberately into the depths of licentiousness, and found there neither delight nor solace, but abject and self-condemning wretchedness. He did not revel in his vice, but seemed to accept it as a part of his material nature. "O Lord, thy heavy wrath had overtaken me and I knew it not; and being deafened with the noise of the chain of my mortality, I wandered still farther from thee, and thou lettest me alone. . . . I departed far from thee, in a constant pursuance of more and more barren and fruitless seeds of sorrows, with an aspiring downfall and an untired weariness." Only kindred souls can know the full meaning of that "untired weariness." It seems to be the special attribute of genius—the weariness of the soul struggling against its barriers of flesh. Says Newman, "Augustine's misery was that of a mind imprisoned, solitary, and wild with spiritual thirst."

Then came his conversion to Christianity, the most marvelous in all history save that of Paul alone. Like Paul before him and Luther after him he had long known the truth. Although he had become a disciple, successively, of many of the crude philosophies of that age, yet when he read the truth-loving words of Cicero and the spiritual doctrines of Plato, the scales fell from his eyes and he saw that the ancient world had come nearer the truth than the false systems of philosophy that prevailed in his day, mere straws caught at by the drowning hope of the world. After his wanderings through skepticism, Manicheism, and pantheism, he found in Plato comfort but not satisfaction. His work had freed him from his gross materialism, and lifted him to the contemplation of the ideal, but it gave nothing upon which his ardent spirit could rest. He had been long before brought into contact with Christians. His mother was a devout Catholic, and never ceased to pray for her son's conversion. He had connected himself with a small Christian community in Milan, but had never been baptized. The truth of the matter is, as he has confessed, that he was loth to give up his evil ways and devote his life to the service of God. He wanted the courage of his convictions. "I drew my chain still after me, fearing to be loosed from it." How like the Augustinian, Luther! Both needed a sudden revelation of the iniquity of living a lie, and to both it came; to the wretched, doubting Luther, as he was diligently thumbing his beads upon the holy staircase at Rome, it came as a shouting of the memorable words, "The just shall live by faith;" the soft chanting of a boy or girl fell upon the ear of Augustine, as he was pouring out his anguish of soul beneath the attentive stars, "Take up and read, take up and read." A volume of St. Paul's Epistles lay upon a table in his dwelling not far distant, and, to use his own words: "I returned thither, seized it, opened it, and read in

silence the following passage, which first met my eyes, 'Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and impurities, not in contention and envy, but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh in its concupiscences.' I had not desire or need to read farther. As I finished the sentence, as though the light of peace had been poured into my heart, all the shadows of doubt dispersed."

It is easy to imagine the results of such a conversion. All his great power he devoted to the cause of the church. Having now found an occupation in which his heart rejoiced, his habitual inertness vanished, and he made himself so busy that he did not even have time to revise and embellish his manuscripts, much as he had loved the study of rhetoric. He became the great disputant of his age, battling with error wherever it raised its head, entering boldly into discussions of the most mystic and puzzling questions, original sin, grace, the Trinity and baptism, and, with no exception, his solutions have since become the accepted doctrines of his church. Withal, he presided over an extensive bishopric with fidelity and loving care. In his old age and death there is little to remind one of the stormy passion of his youth. A sainted bishop, living an ascetic life, giving himself up to his devotions and his flock, bore little resemblance to that wild rake of Carthage, that pseudo-philosopher we read about in his "Confessions."

His conversion was the great crisis in his life, and very properly it has been made the central point of his "Confessions," which, as has been well said, "illustrate forcibly and beautifully the work of the Spirit in the awful mystery of conversion." The whole story is told with such rigid self-examination, with such abandonment of all pride, with such humility, that we could not imagine a like production in these days except, possibly, under the momentary excitement of a prayer-meeting.

Augustine's earnestness, however, is beyond question. The stamp of truth is upon his work. He has been charged with a desire for effect; but when we take into consideration the whole tenor of his life, and the extravagant fanaticism of his time, we can see how absurd such a charge is. His "Confessions," as arose from his understanding of the meaning of the word, had two objects in view, the debasement of self before the Creator, and the glorification of God; but above all they are eminently and solely devotional. Hence it is that much of the extravagant expression with which the book abounds is to be regarded not as a striving after effect, but as the words of a lowly and pious soul relieving itself before its Maker of its heavy burden of sin. It is in this characteristic that the "Confessions" has an especial value for us. The almost child-like piety of a truly great

man is there unveiled, something that nowadays, it is to be feared, would be sneered at as a sign of weakness. The extreme phase that we meet with in Augustine, perhaps, is a sign of weakness, but we must remember that with Augustine it is mostly a song of thankfulness that his troubled soul had at last found a haven of rest. It is true that at times his impassioned depreciation of self and of humanity leads him into an exaggeration of the wrong doings of his youth and childhood, but this is a fault very common to the extreme humility of the mind of an aged ascetic.

This work has been compared with Rousseau's "Confessions," inasmuch as both bring to the light the transgressions of youth. But this comparison is so unjust that one is almost inclined to believe that it was Rousseau that Byron had in his mind when he penned those bitter lines,—

"As Saint Augustine in his fine 'Confessions,'
Which makes the reader envy his transgressions."

For in Augustine those "transgressions" are only touched upon, and then with evident disgust. He had grown to see them in their proper light. "Out of love of thy love, O my God, do I this, and review thou my most wicked ways in the bitterness of my remembrance, to make Thee grow more sweet unto me." Rousseau, however, glories in the misconduct of his youth with all the delight of his grossly sensuous nature.

Had Augustine lived at another time, he might have been a Bruno or a Luther. His great genius, spurred to its best by his earnestness, his courage and his love for the truth, would have broken with the church of the fifteenth century, for the same reason that it allied itself with that of the fourth. As it was, his restless spirit sought and found peace in the security of the church—not the church triumphant, but the church persecuted. The same unsatisfied longing for something better and higher would, a thousand years later, have led him apart from that soulless paganism that masked itself behind the forms of Christianity. In our own day the same spirit might have carried him further still. The fatalistic tendency inherent in such natures as Augustine's would throw him back upon himself, forcing him to rely solely upon his strength as an individual. For such as Augustine there is no peace save in the acceptance of a religious form and a life of ceaseless activity under its shadows. Remove that and we have Augustine as he was before his conversion, and as he would be to-day—a time whose key-note has been struck by Germany's poet, in "Faust,"—"he sought the bright day, and with an ardent longing for truth, went miserably astray in the twilight"—and by Byron,—

"Sorrow is knowledge; they who know the most
Must sorrow the deepest o'er the fatal truth.
The Tree of Knowledge is not that of Life."

Wherein, then, is the value of the "Confessions" for us summed up in a few words?

First, its theological lessons are worth attention. It shows the relations of Christianity to the various forms of philosophy that surrounded its early life, and lays down many doctrines that have since become the foundation rocks of the church. Secondly, it inculcates a vigorous love of the truth. It breathes an atmosphere of humble and wholesome piety. It evinces an earnestness and a moral courage worthy of emulation. Thirdly, it shows, in a personal aspect, the difference between the age of Augustine and our own. The fatalism of Augustine found its correction in the severity of Romanism, then in the vigor and hope of youth. But the walls of this city of refuge are now down. Hence the fatalism of to-day must face despair in the open plain and with its only weapon—the unyielding hope that is in every one of us.

W. W. SANDERSON, U. C., '87.

THE VIKING'S BOAT SONG.

SWIFT through the salt, speed!
Press we our winged steed.
On to the fight fly
Where we our arms try.

The blood of our foes shall be wine for our feast,
By plunder our riches at home is increased,
Our wives will rejoice of our valor to know,
To kemps doth the love of the maiden o'erflow.

On to the strife, row!
Ours be the first blow.
Speed let our strength yield,
Soon it shall swords wield.

Our victory long in our land will be sung,
Dire vengeance for death from our foes will be wrung;
And death is the predestined fate of us all.
The slain feast to-night in fierce Odin's great hall.

J. L. STEFFENS, U. C., '89.

AT A GERMAN UNIVERSITY.

It was with a strange sense of long-cherished hopes at length fulfilled, a sense thrilling yet difficult to realize, that the writer of the present sketch and his companions in travel found themselves actually within the fatherland of Lessing and Goethe and Schiller, of Leibnitz and Kant and Fichte and Hegel. Hitherto these impressive masters of the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" had of necessity seemed voices rather than real persons belonging to this common world of everyday; but now we were veritably standing on the soil where they had stood, and our eyes were unquestionably beholding the very scenes that they had looked on; our former world of half-mysterious romance was turning into visible fact. Soon, in the course of the surely advancing days, we were to stand in the presence of teachers, themselves already long famous, and listen to their living words, who had actually seen and heard some of these great men, and had even enjoyed their habitual companionship.

The passage over the German frontier had been marked for us by new impressions; the change from France and Belgium had been sudden, signal, unmistakably characteristic. For the first time in our lives, we had come, all at once, face to face with the signs, both spiritual and external, of the living power of a central law, penetrating the whole organism of a vast nation to its outer confines. We could not set foot within the boundaries, we could not open our eyes upon the outermost scenes they held, without becoming at once aware of this great power. Suddenly, unconcern, inattention, caprice, air of laggard irresponsibility, had given way to their most striking opposites. Obligation, concentration, regulated precision, serious attention to assigned duty, met the gaze on every hand and pervaded the very air. It was as if the whole country were an enormous camp, and all the citizens on military service; not indeed because of visible uniforms or other trappings of army life, but by the attention, the definitely directed diligence, the temper of prompt and convinced obedience. People, buildings, railways, railway-coaches, farms, towns, the rolling cultivated landscape, all bore the same impress. We seemed to have passed from the inorganic to the organic realm of human life; to have escaped from the unstable sea of human society, and landed on its *terra firma*.

We were on the way to the University of Berlin. For we had said to each other, "Let us go directly to the intellectual centre." Our period of university life, by stress of circumstances, was to be all too brief; our

secret of success in it must therefore lie in getting at its type forthwith; and our Plato, our Aristotle and our Hegel had taught us that the type, in all things, is to be looked for in the most developed example. So to Berlin we were hastening, with its acknowledged pre-eminence, with its two hundred and forty teachers, and its six thousand students.

Our road to the German capital carried us through much that was most distinctive of the national genius and history. We had entered by Aix and Cologne, and had caught some of our first impressions from the memorable places where the imperial spirit, reigning and then declining under Rome, had risen again under the vigorous hand of Charlemagne. In the Cologne cathedral we had seen, almost in the moment of completion, the progressive monumental record of six hundred years of national effort, long baffled but at length victorious. We had looked from the summits of its enormous towers, upward along the winding course of the castle-crowned and legend-haunted Rhine. We had afterwards made our way up the historic stream itself, to halt for a brief stay among the quaint streets and buildings of Maintz, where Faust and Gutenberg and their companions had set up their first printing-press and opened a new era in human development; with half-unrealizing eyes, we had looked upon the very building, in its narrow, dilapidated court, and the identical up-stairs room, with its small dusky window-panes and low heavy-timbered ceiling, where these heralds of the new age had set the first types. Later we had wandered over the streets of Frankfort, seeking out the spots most intimately connected with the early life of Goethe, and seeming to pass through them in a dream; though there before our eyes was the house where he was born, and the old square of the Electoral Hall, and the richly traced tower of the cathedral, just as the poet has himself so vividly described them. On the way thence northward, we had turned aside for a glimpse at ancient Marburg, seated picturesquely on the hill sloping steep above its river-bow, and renowned for its University, small, to be sure, but always possessed of eminent men. There we had first come upon the footsteps of Luther. In the rich old hall of the Castle, situated on the summit of the hill, we stood in the very place where the great reformer had held his famous dispute with Zwingli over the Eucharist. We could almost hear his ringing tones, sounding out the words, to him unanswerable, "This *is* my body," which he had chalked upon the wall, to confute his opponent with the voice of his Lord made visible.

Göttingen, the second mount of light on our northward way, we had been obliged to hurry past; but its name and red-roofed houses had made us mindful of its thousand intellectual associations as we swept by, borne by

the flying train toward that other and more romantic place of Luther's sojourn, Eisenach. Here we had not only stood in the little chamber where he had plied his pen upon the translation of the Gospels, but we had peered, as every visitor does and must, at the deep scar and stain on the wall, which the devout exhibitor assures the gazer is the mark of the Reformer's ink-horn, hurled at the assailing Devil. Even in the company of the founder of Protestant illumination and rationalism, we there felt the spell of the elder, pagan sense of the supernatural that has always haunted Eisenach and its Wartburg; and we dipped into the mystical element which is so intimately inwrought in the German genius and life, and which gathered around that famous height, the rendezvous of bard and hero, in the middle ages. Then, soon again, we had been immersed in the later and fuller spirit of Goethe and all his associations at Weimar, that place so pervaded with the blended tones of Grecian and Gothic, of classic and romantic genius. Another university seat had next arrested our steps for a brief period—sombre and studious Halle, with its huge bell-tower soaring dusky and massive into the twilight sky above its wide stone-paved market-place. At length, after a final monotonous pull over long reaches of alternate sand and meadow, flat and inexpressive, we rolled at night under the great arches of the Anhalt station, flaring with a thousand lights, and were actually in the Prussian and imperial capital.

Having been duly inspected, approved and recorded by the Argus-eyed police, and being at length settled and "at home," we cast about for the information needed to guide us most surely and directly to the goal of all our aims—entrance to the University. We pick up at a convenient bookstore a copy of the *Verzeichniss der Vorlesungen* (list of lectures) for the coming semester. We find in this pamphlet, printed in quarto, plain and homely and without even a paper cover, the titles of all the courses of lectures to be delivered from November to March ensuing. To each is appended the more or less distinguished lecturer's name and official rank,—professor, extraordinary professor or *privat-docent*, as the case may be; and also the number of times a week that the lecture will occur, with the day and hour assigned to it. There is a note, likewise, showing whether the course is given *publice*, *privatim* or *privatissime*. The distinction at first confuses us a little; but by comparison and some inquiry we at length discover that a lecture *publice* means one open to all members of the University without fee; that a course given *privatim* means one to which admission can be had only after personal application to the lecturer, and upon payment of a fee, unless the latter is waived by specific notice; and that *privatissime* signifies a most intimate selection of a few candidates

by the lecturer, to be instructed in a manner at once informal and minute, in some topic for which they have superior preparation; the instruction may be *gratis*, and usually is so, though sometimes a fee is charged. The lectures *privatim*, with fee, usually number from four to five a week; those *publice* vary from one to three or four in the same period; those *privatissime* are of frequency to suit the wishes of the lecturer.

From the *Verzeichniss*, supplemented by inquiries, we learn that the privilege of attending lectures, except merely by way of a visit or so, belongs only to persons who have been duly matriculated as members of the University in some one of its four Faculties—of Theology, Law, Medicine and Philosophy. To be matriculated, the applicant if not so lucky as to be a foreigner, especially an American, must be in possession of *Abiturienten-papieren* (departure papers) from the gymnasium through whose curriculum, covering nine years, he has successfully passed; or, if he has already entered some other university, from that; showing how long a period he has spent there, and that he left in good standing. For the lucky (or, perhaps it should be more truly said, the unlucky) American who has not had this gymnasial training, entrance is possible by simply presenting a passport from his national Government. The German *Universitätswesen* is nowise responsible for *him*, as he is to have no career in the *Vaterland*—no position in the theological, legal or medical profession, no station in the military or the civil service; if his own nation does not care, and if he is content to pay his money and get such benefits as he can from attending the exercises, it is nothing to the *Rector magnificus* and his *Herren Professoren*, or to the higher magnates above them in the *Staatsministerium* for education and public worship. All which arrangement works, on the whole, most happily and beneficially for the *Studirende aus Amerika*. As a rule, none of us go except college graduates; and those find themselves tolerably well equipped for the university work that they undertake.

Our inquiries, and searching of the *Verzeichniss*, have at length made us aware that, to be matriculated, we must find our way to the office of the *Ober-Pedell* (Top Beadle) of the University, and learn what he has to say to us in the way of directions. We accordingly proceed to a wing of the University buildings, and, on the ground floor, first door to the right from the entrance, we find his official sign. Knocking, we are admitted to a large, low-ceiled room, in comfortable confusion, where sits before a fireplace, smoking a long-stemmed, porcelain-bowled pipe, of the pattern German prints have made us so familiar with, a long-limbed, iron-gray, bearded man, who proves to be the officer with the resounding title. His majesty is all in the title, however, and he welcomes us kindly and heartily,

and promptly gives us the very simple information that all we need to do is to present ourselves any day after the tenth of October, at the office of the *Herr Registrar* just opposite his own, where we shall learn what is the next step.

On the tenth of October, then, as aforesaid, we are punctually present at the opposite door. On entering, we find ourselves the solitary applicants. Nobody else is in any hurry, for the matriculation and lectures are not to come for five weeks more. The *Herr Registrar* takes matters with comfortable composure, only being careful, when we think to inquire whether perhaps there is not some less formal way for mature persons like us to get to the lectures than by matriculating and paying, to say, courteously but firmly, "Thoroughly not!" So we pay our eighteen marks apiece, and he furnishes us with a stiff, dull-blue card, which will enable us to pass the sacred precincts of the *Aula*, when the time comes, and get into the presence of the Academic Senate. We go about our business, take our ease in our inn, amuse ourselves with sight-seeing, visit the galleries of art and the great museums, increase our power to communicate in German, polish up our studies, and cheerfully abide the flood of time until the actual beginning of the winter semester shall arrive.

At length the long-expected fourteenth of November is come. We push aside the curtains of our chamber in the early morning, with ardent expectancy. We are not disappointed. Though the season for rains is well advanced, fate is propitious, and it is a glorious autumn day. At nine in the morning, we set out on the happy walk to the University buildings. We are not less than two miles distant from them, and our way leads along the fairest and stateliest streets in the city. The sunlight sparkles in the autumn air, and on the freshly watered vines and flowering plants that are still growing unharmed out of doors, twining about the porticos or crowding the window-sills of the houses past which we go. We pass along the great thoroughfare that at once joins and separates the old central Berlin and the new lordly suburb stretching southwest in the direction of royal Potsdam. Its long and wide and winding course is thronged with reminders of Prussian and German national glory. Its name—the *Königgrätzerstrasse*—commemorates the establishment of Prussian hegemony and German unity by the victory over Austria at the battle of Königgratz, better known to us by the name of Sadowa. Its stately curve of magnificently paved roadway connects the two proud squares that tell of German victories over either Napoleon—the *Belle-Allianceplatz* at the south, and the *Königsplatz* at the north; the one the monument of Waterloo, and the other of Sedan; both expressive tokens of the rescue of nationality and

law from the assaults of usurping personal ambition. As we walk north-erly along its pavement, we pass in succession the vast stations of the Anhalt and Potsdam railways, two of the great architectural ornaments of the city; the former, especially, holding the stranger's gaze by th e majesty of its proportions and the singular originality and fitness of its design; we pause in front of it involuntarily, and find an effort necessary to keep on our way, against the spell cast by its soaring arches and its colossal mass. Somewhat further up, we pass on our right the newly-completed *Gewerbe-museum*, the heavy but rich building of the Berlin Industrial Association. Further still, we come, at our left, upon the easterly border of the *Thiergarten*, that literal forest in the heart of the city, spreading for more than two miles westward to the suburb of Charlottenburg, over a width of more than a mile from north to south. Its shaded verdure, its moss-grown boles of immemorial trees, invite us temptingly to wander in its deep recesses and through its many-winding paths; but the hour of the coming matriculation summons us, and we merely turn through the outermost crescent, to pass by the statue of Goethe recently set there. From the transient mood of poetic idealism which the form of the great Frankfurter irresistibly casts on us, we flit with hastening steps into the sturdier element of national spirit again, as we cross the roadway and turn full in front of the lofty *Brandenburger Thor*, with its five high and wide arches, supported by their heavy Doric columns, forming the portal of the regal street known as *Unter den Linden*. Our eyes rise spontaneously toward the level wall above the arches, to the statue of Victory with her chariot and steeds—that group which has had such an eventful history, so symbolic of the vicissitudes of the nation who set it up. Torn from its place by the order of the first Napoleon, and dragged away to Paris to deck his triumph; set up there as a monument of the subjugation of a great people; it had in the due course of his downfall been brought back an'd restored to its own seat, amid national acclamations. The scene of its re-entrance through the gate that it adorns is depicted on the face of the huge pillars. The sight fills our hearts with a glow of sympathy in the patriotic spirit that pervades the place and speaks with such force from all its surroundings. We pass on into the wide and straight avenue borrowing its name from the fine linden trees that in earlier days decked it in two parallel lines of luxuriant foliage, and served to divide it into three parallel roadways. Time and unfavorable season have despoiled them; from the stunted and now almost sterile trunks, feebly branching, that stand in their places, we take refuge in imagination of their bygone day of vigor, and fancy the mottled shadows over which we, too, might have trod, mingling with the throng of

gay and informal citizens, in the days when Varnaghen von Ense had the high fortune to meet there his incomparable Rahel.

Amid these crowding thoughts, mixed of war and diplomacy and letters, colored with poetry and romance, we pass on eastward nearly a mile, to where, fronting the *Opernplatz* and the unpretending palace of Kaiser Wilhelm and the superb equestrian statue of his great ancestor Frederick, rises the principal building of the University. We take in its good and simple proportions, its severe and sparing decorations in the most restrained manner of the Renaissance style. Over a somewhat low basement rises a lofty upper story, the whole forming three sides of a quadrangle open at the street front; or a long rectangular main-building, running east and west, with two projecting wings extending southward to the line of the sidewalk, one at either end. A court, with fountains, occupies the recess between these wings. Behind it rises the main façade, adorned only with lofty arched windows filling the interspaces between plain but well-proportioned pilasters. The entablature above is decorated with five statues, marking the places corresponding to the pilasters below. The whole structure is of brick, covered with a heavy and strong plaster of cement, in the management of which, both as regards durability and plasticity to decoration, the German builders exhibit notable skill. It is the almost universal material of their work, a building of wrought stone being exceedingly rare with them. The University building, we thus notice, is quite as well off as the royal palaces. Indeed, it was originally the palace of one of the royal blood; and its free gift by its owner, for the use of the noble institution which, in 1808, the nation founded in the assured conviction that it would prove the certain means of national regeneration, is a new reminder to us, as we pass across the wide street to enter its precincts, of the all-permeating presence in German life, even in the interior of thought and letters, of the political and civil spirit. The University, we reflect, is a national and royal institution; an integral and elementary constituent, by law, of the governmental organism.

We enter the iron gateway, and become part of the throng of young men that is now crowding the space of the court, so vacant when we came a month before. We do not stop for any very accurate impression of them now; we only notice their multitude, the extreme plainness or even coarseness of their ordinary attire, their rather plebeian look, and their unexpected youthfulness; we had forgotten, you see, that they come up from the gymnasia and other preparatory schools at the age of eighteen, or a little later; nor had we realized how much more youthful-looking the German is at that age than our young Americans.

We make our way across the court, taking slight note of its mosaic pavements of vari colored bits of porphyry and marble, wrought into rich geometric patterns, only glancing at its turf and flowers, and pass into the low doorway. We find ourselves in a low-vaulted hall, supported by four thick and short Doric columns. It is thronged with students and with the new candidates for matriculation. Through the throng we get glimpses of the walls covered all about with the time-honored blackboards plastered over with various written or printed notices, and of the staircase in the rear, leading to the consecrated *Aula* above. We notice the young candidates' hands, full of their *Abiturientenpapieren*, and we feel in our pockets for our Government passports, which have now suddenly acquired for us so important a value. Armed with these, we wait for the signal to ascend. It soon comes, and we are borne along with the column that goes resistlessly up the stairs. We debouch with the rest upon the upper hall, and in our proper turn come at length in front of the tall double doors that let into the *Aula*. Each candidate is admitted separately, exhibiting his papers to the doorkeeper, who takes and passes them in to the authorities in waiting. Entering, we cast a glance upward at the high walls and ceilings, finished in plaster, and tinted in a rather commonplace way. Our eyes naturally return, and seek the faces of the academic magnates who are sitting there at the upper end of the long rectangular room, ready to decide our fate. They are a very unobtrusive and, at the first glance, undistinguished-looking group. Ranged along the farther side of a very long table, covered, of course, with green baize, are the Rector and his Deans with their Secretaries. The Rector is at the centre; his ruddy, English-looking face, crowned with abundant gray locks, and fringed with a full white beard, is attractive; soon it becomes impressive, as his attention is fixed on the assemblage before him, and the light of his strong intelligence passes forth from his clear blue eyes. It is Professor August Wilhelm Hofmann, Doctor of Medicine, Doctor of Laws, Doctor of Philosophy; a graduate, therefore, in honors, of all the Faculties of the University, excepting only the theological; he is, moreover, privy-counselor of the Government, is decorated, and, highest of all, is world-famous as standing in the front rank of his favorite science of chemistry.

The anxious crowd of some four hundred or five hundred young men being seated on the wooden settees ranged in stiff parallel lines across the room, order is called, and the solemnity of matriculation opens. It proceeds in a most matter-of-fact and unceremonious fashion. It consists, as appears, in merely calling up each youthful *Herr*, as his pile of *Papieren* comes to the top of the heap lying before the stout iron-gray Chief Secre-

tary, who somehow identifies the applicant, takes his full name, residence, academic antecedents, etc., etc., certifies his papers as correct, and passes him along to the *Rector magnificus*. That kindly magnate receives him with a homely and assuring smile, transcribes his name from the Secretary's certificate, duly Latinizing it, into a long, largely-printed diploma, to which, after properly inserting *latine* the branch of learning of which the new-comer is *studiosus*, he affixes his own Latin signature; then he graciously waves the young man past him to a new *Registrarius* of some sort or other, who searches certain records diligently, and having found the desired verification, passes the candidate on to the Dean of the Faculty in whose jurisdiction the *juvenis ornatissimus* belongs. From him the youth receives the final *accipiat* in the shape of a printed certificate bearing the Dean's signature, and of a card, stiff and durable, on which is the seal of the university, *rite impressum*, covering and sanctioning certain highly valued words. For these words inform the outer world, and whom it may concern, that the fortunate bearer is a member of the University, privileged from arrest and trial by any court except that of his Alma Mater; privileged also to a half-price ticket at theatrical entertainments—that is, if he chooses to stand up in the dim back-districts behind the parquet and under the low galleries. Taking these desired *testimonia* from the Dean's hand with a respectful bow, the novice returns to his seat. This mild ceremonial is now repeated and repeated on successive *junge Herren*, with an increasingly soothing effect upon the apprehensions of the remaining assemblage. We Americans look on with a patient contentment, and presently our virtue is rewarded by the unusual but welcome sound of "*Mister Blank*," which the affable Chief Secretary seems to manifest an excusable pride in being able to utter with an intelligible accuracy. Our summoned companion rises with alacrity, and with an answering speed is marshaled through the gentle routine, to be rewarded at its end with the usual tokens. The present writer goes up in his turn, and on arriving in the presence of the Rectorial Majesty is greeted with the due question, "*in welchem Zweig?*" The expected reply in German not falling from his lips with incalculable rapidity, the benignant Rector swiftly and blandly translates, with good accent, "*In whe-ich brahnch?*" Upon this additional inducement, the German answer stumbles out, the diploma is duly filled and signed, and presently the Dean of the Philosophical Faculty is reached, who duly but wearily signs the certificate with the name *Zupitza*. It is the regular public professor of English—a great and deservedly famous master of our vernacular; one of the greatest, in fact. We are downright glad to stand so near him and to look into his face; and we wish that he would unbend a

bit, and be as gracious as the genial Rector. We are all soon back in our places, and watch the unvarying scene till the last man for the day is called. Then the Rector rises from his seat, and all his colleagues rise after him. He comes to the front of the table ; says in a full, resonant voice, with a most agreeable accent, a few words of congratulation and welcome ; tells us that we may omit the oath formerly exacted of candidates as the seal of matriculation, and may, instead, testify our allegiance by advancing one by one and giving him the right hand. We all file past him and comply with the requirement ; then we pass out of the hall, down the stone stairway, through the low-vaulted lobby below, and out into the street, where the great Frederick, with his bronze arm a-kimbo, and his tasseled cane in hand, seems to look down on us from his horseback perch on his lofty pedestal with an ironical and Mephistophelian smile, as if he were saying, "I have you now, *meine Herren* ! See that you behave yourselves, or look out for whacks " !

The scene of which we have just been a part will now be repeated from day to day with other candidates, until the great total of eighteen hundred matriculates for this single semester is made up. There are sixty-six Americans among them—more, by nearly a fourth, than from any other country outside of the Empire. Russia comes next, with fifty-four ; then Austria, with thirty-nine ; then Switzerland, with thirty. Great Britain, from all her three kingdoms, musters only eleven.

Together with our diplomas, at whose top line of mystical initials, solid, square, jet black, running—

Q. S. F. F. Q. S.,

we gaze fixedly and with a justifiable pride—for are they not an enigmatical "settler" for the uninitiated, and are *we* not in the secret?—together with our diplomas, we have each received a couple of *Hefte*, got up in that Spartan disregard of luxury which characterizes all the University publications. Of these homely pamphlets in quarto, one is the brief collection of University regulations ; the other is the *Anmeldungsbuch*. We make our way leisurely homeward, and, arrived at our quarters, fall diligently to the business of finding out from the *Hefte* what our duties, as approved *Herren Studirende*, *studiosi philos.*, are now to be. The *Anmeldungsbuch*, we discover, is the intended register of our engagements with the various teachers—professors or *privat-docenten*—whose exercises we expect to frequent. It is our business, with the help of the *Verzeichniss der Vorlesungen*, to decide what lecturers we will hear, and in what subjects, and then to seek out the chosen dignitaries at their homes, make our

Anmeldung, or announcement of presence, to them, receive their signatures in the appropriated blank spaces of the *Anmeldungsbuch*, and have our seats assigned us. We soon select our subjects and lecturers, and in a contented mind give ourselves up for the remainder of the evening to the sober pleasures of *Fritz der Grosse's* city.

Day after day we now begin to frequent the lobby of the University, and to search among the scraps of manuscript that are crowded on its blackboards, for the announcements by our lecturers of the places where they will lecture, of the day when they will begin, and of the times when they will receive the *Anmeldungen* of their intending *Zuhörer*. The desired notices make their appearance at irregular intervals, but by the end of a fortnight we have found all we seek. We have learned from the Regulations that our seats will be assigned in the order of application, so that he who would have any choice must report himself early; moreover, he must go with the signature of the University *Quaestor* (treasurer) to each course listed in his *Anmeldungsbuch*, certifying that the fee has been paid. To fulfill this last requirement we must get from the head janitor a *Belegenskarte*, or pay-ticket, assigning the day and hour when the *Quaestor* will receive us. Such is the precaution necessary, in so great a throng of students, in order to prevent intolerable crowding and confusion. In the attempt to obey the latter provision, we experience our first, and also our last, discomfort from the greatness of the numbers. On arriving in the lobby, at the time assigned by the janitor for the first distribution, we find a heaving, swaying mob, of which we soon become a helpless part. With a roar of moving feet, not unaccompanied with hoarse notes of alternate cheering and complaint, the hustling crowd surges slowly forward to the western side of the low room, the four thick columns of which render the advance more compressed and difficult. Hats and caps are pushed off in the eager confusion, arms sway above the heads, each man wrestles and pushes to get to the front. Vainly the gray-bearded janitor waves his excited and deprecating arms. With the help of a half-dozen assistants, he passes out the cards from behind the guard of a hinged shelf that drops across the open door of his room. These are snatched by hands so intermixed that he cannot trace the bodies to which they severally belong. The charge upon his doorway grows heavier and fiercer. At length his barricade gives way, and the head of the assaulting column falls prone and broken in pieces upon the stone floor of his stronghold. The scattered members writhe awhile, till at length, in some inscrutable fashion, the snarl is disentangled, and order begins to reappear. With various repetitions of the charge and its break-down, the sore labor of distribution is

at last accomplished, and each lame and weary *studiosus* gets home as best he can, with the precious plunder of the hour.

The hard-won *Belegenskarte* having on the day appointed unfailingly performed its *Open Sesame* upon the *Quaestor's* door, the present writer sets out for the residences of his lecturers in due succession. Arrived at the first, which is in a right stately house in a wide street of the new and *ton-ish* suburb known as the Potsdam quarter, he is ushered up a long staircase to a suite of apartments on the third floor (the *fourth* from the street level), which is reckoned "about the correct thing" for a professor in comfortable circumstances. Entering the room nearest in front, he sees, standing at a high desk, industriously consulting books, and writing, a slender, tall and venerable figure. The face is spare, the complexion parchment-like, the forehead high and full, the dome of the skull high-arched, the crown completely bald; scattered gray locks curl about the sides and back of the head. "*Herr Professor, ich habe die Ehre Sie zu besuchen, um mich anzumelden.*" Then Professor Zeller turns from his work graciously toward his visitor, greets him a good-morning, reads the name upon his card, asks him to a seat, exchanges with him a few sentences about acquaintances in the United States, and ends by taking the *Anmeldungsbuch* and signing it opposite the title of his own course of lectures. A kind inquiry as to where the *Zuhörer* would like to sit, and the assigning of a seat on the front row of benches, as nearly as possible in front of the lecturer, closes the interview. The visitor takes his leave, thinking, as he descends to the street, how very simple and unpretending the greatest living master of Greek philosophy can be.

For the next few days scenes quite similar are repeated, save that the lecturers, in every instance but one, are young men. That single exception is the venerable Michelet, now in his eightieth year, but announcing a course of lectures *publice* this semester, after a silence of five years. Great interest is felt to hear him by a small circle of men interested in idealism, and in Hegel as the greatest modern expounder of it; for Michelet was a favorite pupil of Hegel's; so that it seems almost like coming into Hegel's personal presence, to see and listen to the man who enjoyed his instruction and his confidential acquaintance so long. We find him in the same quarter of the city as Professor Zeller, as, indeed, we have found all the lecturers that we happen to have chosen to hear—only a long distance farther to the southwest. In a sunny room we see a short figure, much bowed, but with a ruddy and smiling face, sitting by the window. On the wall at his right, we recognize instantly the original marble medallion from which the well-known and noble profile of Hegel is made, that renders the

frontispiece of Rosenkranz's life of the great philosopher forever memorable. About the room are various other mementoes of its owner's famous teacher. The venerable disciple listens, pleased, to the announcement of our errand; and, as he learns of the especial interest of his visitors in Hegel, he rises with great animation and vivacity to emphasize his welcome. The short ceremony of signing the *Anmeldungsbuch* and appointing seats is soon over, and we go on our way, wondering at the persistence of faculties so undimmed amid the encroachments of age. We are soon to find, on entering Michelet's lecture-room, still more astonishing evidences of the unquenched fire of his intelligence.

The preliminary duties now all performed, we find ourselves on the appointed day actually entering the *Auditorium* in which we are to hear, or attempt to hear, our first lecture in a German university;—the distant dream of our youth has come true. It is Zeller we are to hear first, and it is the *Garten-Auditorium* we are entering; for that is the only one large enough to hold the considerable body of students who feel that a residence at Berlin would be seriously incomplete that did not include the hearing of the illustrious author of the *Philosophie der Griechen*. This *Garten-Auditorium* stands in the grove of chestnuts that fills the city square behind the university buildings. It is a cheap and slight structure, reminding one not a little of the wooden sheds extemporized, with some trashy show of outside architecture, for our American industrial expositions and mechanics' fairs. The interior is bare and bald. Two narrow doors admit to contracted vestibules, between which is a small room for the use of the lecturers. From these, two narrow doors admit to the auditorium proper. Between the entrances is a rough platform, at the front of which is a sort of pulpit, paneled in plain carpenter work. At the rear is a small blackboard. An arm-chair, of the plainest and most commonplace make in wood, is placed behind the paneled desk. Such is the ensemble, *ganz praktisch und gering*, of that tribune of letters, the world-renowned *Katheders* in the greatest university of Europe.

As we enter the contracted doorway, though we have arrived early, we see a great number of the hearers already seated. They have taken their assigned and numbered places on the stiff, straight-backed wooden benches which cover the floor space of the large room in parallel transverse rows, extremely close together; so close, that it is difficult to squeeze past the sitters, to get to one's place in the middle of a row. In fact, as the seats get filled up, this method of transit becomes entirely impracticable; and one of the sights of the occasion is noticing how the deft *habitués* of the place manage this difficult matter. As the line of late comers throng in,

each aims for a point on the front row, most nearly opposite the place in the rear which he wishes to reach. With a high-stepping stride that nothing but long practice can render successful at the first effort, he mounts to the top of the front partition, and deliberately walks in mid-air between the heads of the earlier occupants, stepping from one to another of the narrow ledges placed at the backs of the rows to support the note-books. One learns from this manœuvre an unexpected use of the close arrangement of the rows; it materially aids in preventing a fall, in the course of this elevated march. This method of travel to the desired goal, over these lofty stepping-blocks, has the merit of brevity and directness, indeed; but we soon notice that it has the drawback of abundantly miring the note-book ledges. But the German student adapts himself handily to this source of discomfort, the sleeve of his rough coat, or even the palm of his hand, brushing away the encumbering soil and making room for his book. He usually has to make at each lecture two applications of this primitive method of broom-work; for the majority of the auditors at the preceding exercise have been obliged to leave their places by a similar march over the book ledges; so that he inaugurates his seat-taking by a comprehensive cleaning-up, which, after the subsequent arrivals, he repeats on a reduced scale.

The hour at which we have come is eleven in the forenoon. We are at first surprised at the apparent want of punctuality, particularly in the case of the lecturing professor; for full twenty minutes past the hour elapses before all the seats are occupied and the lecturer ascends the *Kathedr*. We learn presently that this is the regular thing, and that the professor will make his appearance at the exact close of the twenty minutes, with the certainty and the promptitude of fate. We learn also that this twenty minutes' *Frist*, in the case of this particular morning hour of eleven at least, has its homely uses other than getting the auditors duly seated and the ledges in front of them enduringly brushed. It is the hour of the German's usual *Frühstück*—his *second* breakfast, as he has learned to call it in deference to the customs and possible misapprehension of his English-speaking visitors—and from most of the side-pockets now comes forth the parcel containing his Spartan fare. Unabashed, with the unconscious mutual confidence of brothers round the household table, all munch their piece of bread and slice of cold meat or roll of sausage, taking the operation as entirely matter-of-course. The stress of duty to learning compels them to forego the mug of beer which would be the grateful accompaniment of the frugal meal in more favorable circumstances; but each has learned from his earliest boyhood that *Pflicht und Fleiss*, duty and dili-

gence, are the student's lot and virtue ; so they bear their thirst, and all eat away in uncomplaining contentment, keeping up much friendly chatter in the process.

Meanwhile the lecture-room has gradually been filled to its entire capacity of some seven hundred young men. They are clad in rough and coarse ill-fitting garments, for the most part; they are homely, and uncouth in carriage; a good half of them wear *Brillen*, to correct their myopic vision ; but they have an unmistakable intelligence, and a great considerateness of each other, and will presently prove, at their note-taking, how thorough and extensive their training in letters is despite all outward signs to the contrary. As the twenty minutes' *Frist* approaches its end, silence falls for an instant on the assembly ; the door opens, and the benign figure tall and impressive, of Professor Zeller appears. He steps swiftly to the *Kathedr*; a slight buzz of applause greets him as he takes his stand behind the rudely paneled *Kanzel*. He begins without ado, speaking in an easy and fluent manner, without notes, unless such may possibly be recorded on a paper that he crumples in his left hand during the whole of his lecture. His accent is guttural and perceptibly Suabian, but distinct, commanding, and agreeable. The American new-comers are delighted to find that they understand his sentences without difficulty, and at once fall to upon their note-taking, at the furious pace which all their neighbors keep up. The lecturer sweeps straight on, borne by the strong current of his thoughts; the hearers follow with might and main, writing as if for dear life. The swifter and more skillful note-takers even run ahead of his pauses, and often hasten them by a simultaneous scraping of feet on the floor which sounds like a muffled avalanche. To this the slow writers respond by a collective hiss, like a suppressed whirlwind. From the beginning to the end of the lecture these sounds alternate, from time to time, till the stranger wonders how the lecturer keeps his course of thought undisturbed. But the professor's gracious bearing remains unmoved, and the serene flow of his sentences continues unbroken. It is evidently all a matter of course, and a traditional habit of the place. For forty minutes our ears gather in, amid it all, the lecturer's comprehensive views concerning the independent originality of Greek philosophy, and his argument against the theory of its derivation from the Orient. At its close, he steps quickly down from his place and passes out at the door. No student rises until he is gone. Then comes a simultaneous charge ; the sitters at the ends of the rows crowd along the narrow aisles ; the others mount upon the ledges, and stalk over them to the front of the room. There is a short, sharp struggle towards the wall, against

which hang the hats and overcoats; there is a brief whirling of tangled arms in the air, as the owners wrestle into their garments; then the throng rolls through the doorways, throwing a long and straggling line into the open air.

Quite contrasted, in many ways, we afterwards find the scene at our other lecture-rooms, where the numbers are comparatively few. Space forbids dwelling with any detail on most of these; let it be enough merely to make remembrance of the various little *Auditorien*, low-ceiled, dim-lighted, close-benched, bare-plastered, and cobweb-hung, in which we listened to Gizycki or Lasson or Ebbinghaus. Through the lapse of years the pallid face of the first of these gifted men comes back upon the memory as on the days when it fronted his slender but attentive audience, leaning diligently forward to catch the half-heard words that he reads, patiently and with difficulty, in a low and feeble voice, from his closely-followed manuscript; and with the image of the face, returns also, and always, the sense of reverence for that courageous love of letters which has carried its owner, a cripple from the cradle, to a victorious career as a university teacher. As clearly, too, returns upon the memory the face and voice of Lasson, as he sits with such unpretending informality in the chair behind the *Kanzel*, his arms leaned forward upon the desk, and speaks in that low and meditative tone, talking rather with himself than to his auditors. And the words of Ebbinghaus still linger in the ear, with their delightful accent and melodious *timbre*, their sharp-cut yet flowing emphasis, their lucid and exquisite style; making him, for all in all, the ideal university lecturer, so far as form is concerned; again he seems standing there, of presence young, lithe and vigorous, his amiable yet forceful face marked crosswise with the two broadsword scars that tell of sturdy battle for his *Corps*, in the youthful days when he belonged to the *Burschenschaft*; again his swift, extemporaneous utterance sounds along, with its sentences faultless for mould and for clearness, with its exposition so thorough and trustworthy, its criticism so searching and pertinent. From the small, dingy rooms where we heard him and his compeers, the recollection turns again to the large *Garten-Auditorium*; but in the evening now, and by gas-light. Again, in imagination, we stand with the suffocating crowd that has thronged into the place to listen to Du Bois-Reymond, the greatest of living physiologists, who, like so many of his fellow-craftsmen, cannot let philosophy alone, but must once a week harangue the students of the philosophical Faculty—though he belongs to the medical—on the agnostic implications which he finds in his science. The signs of the *Zeitgeist* are strong in the scene; not even standing-room is left; the eager crowd overflow the building,

and hang upon each other's shoulders about the doorways, with necks craned forward in the hope of catching the words inside. Wedged in among those standing close by the *Katheder*, we listen to the ironical voice as it pours its eloquent sentences from the snarling mouth, the hands leaned hard upon the desk, the shoulders high-lifted and stooping, the head thrown down and forward, the eyes gleaming with a fierce light. Very different is the appearance of the same place on certain other evenings, when we gather with some four hundred companions to listen to Friedrich Paulsen's *Einleitung in die Philosophie*. In the *Katheder* sits a young man, whose face might easily be fancied as that of Luther mixed with that of Renan. His manner is utterly unassuming, half bashful and shy. His tones are low, but distinct. His style begins simple and clear; presently, as he rises to the interest of his subject, his sentences become epigrammatic and aphoristic. He speaks with a strangely fascinating fervor of sentiment, though without demonstrative manner; he is intense, not expansive. Him, too, his audience accompany with that grotesque alternation of floor-scraping and hissing which we hear daily at the lectures of Zeller. One evening it annoys him beyond endurance; he stops, speaks abruptly and hotly to the students; then takes his hat and leaves the room. As the throng follows, at the appropriately respectful distance, we wonder if he will ever come back; we inquire the opinions of our next neighbors; these smile, and think it best to come next time and see. Arrived at the appointed hour, we await with the rest the lapse of the preliminary twenty minutes. At its close, promptly, the lecturer appears. He is received with respectful silence. His course goes on thenceforward without any further episodes, and closes as if nothing had happened.

But it is in the lecture-room of Michelet that our little company find their greatest delight. His two dozen or thirty hearers are full of enthusiasm for him and their subject. Twice a week the little old man comes cheerily into the dingy old auditorium where, before him, Fichte and Hegel and Solger lectured in the days that are now historic. We are all there, eagerly awaiting his arrival. Promptly on the minute, like the youngest and sturdiest of the new generation, he opens the door. As he enters, every man rises; we stand, facing him, as he moves to his seat. A favorite young pupil attends him to the chair, and removes for him his overcoat, takes it, and his hat and cane, and places them in the proper corner. With smiling face and beaming blue eye, the bowed figure looks out upon his hearers, who now seat themselves attentively before him. He draws his completely-written lecture from the breast-pocket of

his coat, and with a swift and hearty, "*Meine Herren!*" begins to read. We know that he has in great part lost his eyesight, and we wonder how it is that he travels so surely along the manuscript. Whether he has it all by heart, we know not; but, somehow or other, either for that reason or by power of new inspiration that enables him to extemporize from his great stores of knowledge, he soon, to all appearance, ceases to consult the paper, and goes on in exposition and criticism, clear, forcible, eloquent, brilliant, leaning over the desk and talking straight *at* us. Thought, with him, is no cold contemplation of abstract and dead relations, merely logical; it is a vivid life, full of the organizing power of real existence, and inwrought into the very being of practical affairs. He addresses his hearers as if his message were of the utmost human concern; he feels it to be so, and imbues the auditors with the like serious conviction. Yet there is no sombreness in any of it; for him and his thinking, human life, as Matthew Arnold says, "moves to joy and to beauty." His countenance is irradiated with a renewed youth; hand and arm move in unison with the glowing thought; his hearers lean forward in the fervid interest which he stirs in them; nobody takes any notes; the impression is too vivid to permit that, or, indeed, to leave it necessary. We are all sure that we can reproduce the outline of the doctrine when we get to the quiet of our private rooms. And so we indeed find the case to be; we have been on each day of lecture in the hands of the *philosophic* orator, who not only has the magician's power to rouse our convicted hearts, but the instructor's clearness also, to convey by thorough and comprehensive intelligible connection the permanent possession of systems in their interdependent historical or logical development. His course is on "The Career and Character of German Philosophy from and after Kant," and he illuminates his subject with that all-embracing insight which surely must be accredited to the school of Hegel, and in like degree to no other. He has been known, to be sure, in his earlier teaching, as an adherent of the radical "Left Wing" of that school, perhaps over-ardent; but years have sobered his thinking; they have taught him the larger meaning of his great master's own view, and he plants himself now on the reconciling and truly explanatory "Center," expounding the "Absolute Idea" as a Reason eternally personal, and the ground and source of the personality in man, instead of a mere bond of Logical Energy, coming first to consciousness in human nature. This great thought, first adequately stated to the modern mind by Hegel, he develops through the history of the revolutionary epoch which forms the subject of his course. Striking is the contrast between the teaching in his lecture-room, and that in the others devoted to

philosophy; for, distinguished as the latter everywhere has been by learning and acumen and varied power, it has still all suffered deeply from that sense of confusion, of paralyzed uncertainty, in the presence of the most absorbing problems of life, which characterizes the present generation of German thinkers. These have not attained the point of view of the mighty leaders who closed the last century and introduced the present; and, for lack of it, they grope about among the crowding thoughts presented or suggested by the recent developments in the natural sciences, with the distrustful anxiety of wayfarers who have lost their path in the tangled forest; or, in some cases, swagger with the over-confidence of those who are sure they can prove that there is no way out of the forest at all.

It is in the occupations and experiences above described that we pass the portions of the day which call us to the University buildings. It is in the libraries or the reading-rooms or our own apartments that we spend the remaining hours, aside from the few which we allot to the streets, the parks, the museums of art, the theatres and other amusements. We have access by right of our *Studentenstand* to both the great book-collections connected with the University—the vast Royal Library and the *Universitäts-Bibliothek*; for a trifling fee, we can make use of the plain but comfortable and abundantly supplied *Academische Lesehalle*. The method of using the libraries is new to us, and interesting. There is no catalogue, either printed or on card, open to users. The applicant, properly provided with a surety paper, signed by himself and by some one of the professors as his voucher, simply presents himself at the delivery window on one side of the rather contracted vestibule of the library building, and purchases for ten pfennigs (two-and-a-half cents) a package of *Bestellzettel*, or order slips. Upon one of these, as occasion arises, he writes the title, edition and author's name of any book soever that he may want, adding the place and date of publication, all with as great exactness as he can. One of the numerous assistants of the librarian takes this, or any number of like slips, and informs the applicant that he may call for the books at a certain hour next day. At the appointed time he goes, and receives either the books or a written explanation of their non-appearance; either some earlier applicant has them, or the library does not contain them; the latter case, however, rarely happens, so great are the resources of the admirable collections. The writer, though occupied with out-of-the-way books, usually reckoned rare, never failed to find what he asked for, in the course of a long and busy semester. The same provision, of a day's notice, is required when books are to be used in the reading-room of the library. Here each reader takes a little table assigned him, on which are writing materials; thither the books re-

served for him are brought, and there he sits, reads and makes notes at his leisure, amid the profoundest quiet, though the room is thronged with workers. . Absolute silence is prescribed, and nobody is ever heard to violate it. At the close of his work, the reader leaves his books upon the table, affixing a note to each that he wishes to use the next day, with mention of any others wanted, and takes his departure in the same still and subdued manner that has marked his whole demeanor in the place. If he wishes books for home use, he obtains them at the proper window, in response to the notice of the day before. He is not restricted as to number, and he may retain any work four weeks ; he may also renew it, without return to the library, at the end of that time, if nobody else has called for it ; and so on, again and again, under the same condition, until the end of the semester. Then he must return all, and receive a certificate that his accounts are clear, properly attested by the signature of the responsible officer. This certificate he will be careful to forward to the professor who favored him by becoming his voucher, accompanying it with his best thanks.

Besides these engagements in the lecture-room, the libraries, or one's study, which may be called the obligatory occupations of the student, we find that there are various others of a volunteer sort, which the *Herren Studirende* carry out on their own account. They run the gamut "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," but none of them fails to have an important element of *Unterhaltung und Kneipen*—amusement and conviviality. The usual field of these volunteer relations is some one or other of the multitudinous *Vereinigungen* (associations) with which every German university overflows, Berlin naturally the most of all. They are of all sorts, with all leading purposes, from the *wissenschaftliche* (among which it is amusing to find the Chess-Clubs set down) to those which have to be described as "*Verbindungen nicht mit wissenschaftlicher Tendenz.*" Among them, of course, are the world-famous *Burschenschaften*, in their various *Corps*, such as the "Arminia," the "Franconia," the "Germania," the "Hevella," the "Alemannia," the "Guestphalia," the "Teutonia," or the "Vandalia." Each of these has its colors and its *quasi* uniform, and it is among their members that the broadsword dueling goes on, as well as various other habits of disorder.

It is one of our agreeable surprises, however, to find that, numerous as these *Corps* are, the membership is small ; in comparison with the whole body of students, astonishingly small. Among the six thousand men at Berlin, for instance, scarce two hundred could be counted in the *Corps*. It is the industry of these few in their vocation of idleness and dissipation, that makes the disproportionate impression of student worthlessness

upon the outside world. Conspicuous by their bright baldries and absurd little caps, which, with gay tricolored bands and destitute of vizors, stick like tiny sieves on the very peaks of the wearers' heads, these idlers stroll about the streets or drive through them in open carriages, forming the only noticeable class unquestionably to be identified as belonging to the university. But they really make but a very small and insignificant part of its life. They are responsible for nearly all of its discredit, and contribute next to nothing towards its honorable performance. To the great mass of the students they are as if they were not; and it is not too much to say that, taken as a whole, the German students are the most industrious, steadfast and correct body of literary youth in the world. There are "bad fellows" among them, of course, as there are among every body of students, or of young men engaged in other occupations; but their prevailing character is the opposite of that which the superficial observer, misled by the street and purlieu performances of the obstreperous *Corps*-men, too frequently attributes to them.

Besides the *Corps*, however, there are the other social organizations, whose assemblies, beginning with intellectual interchanges, in the way of addresses, essays and discussions, always end with some convivial cheer. Here the genial beer-mug wakens to song and story-telling, and the evening, begun at a good early hour, say half-past six or seven o'clock, runs far on to midnight or to one in the morning. But this is only once or so a week; and let it always be remembered that drinking beer, with the young German in his *Vaterland*, does not mean drunkenness. This, in the associations outside the *Corps* at least, and even in many of these, would be regarded as a breach of decency, not to be tolerated among men of good breeding. The beer-mug is a sort of national *Palladium*, and belongs to the home and the hearth-stone. 'Tis as innocent as, with us, the tea-cup or the coffee-pot; and is as much a matter of course and of daily household use. To the well-regulated German mind, the man who abstains from beer is like the vegetarian "crank" to the average sensible American; he is offcolor, "queer," and "fit for treason, stratagems and spoils." It is of the established German code to take one's beer in moderation; and so, indeed, it is taken, in the settled home and by the fireside. But the moderation has an expansible standard, ascending with the capacity; and it is astonishing what a capacity for absorption the German student occasionally develops, without any apparent loss of sobriety or wits. And let it always be said, as the ordinary facts surely deserve, that the *Kneipe* of the German students' *Verbindungen* is not at all a scene of dissoluteness and moral *abandon*, but, on the contrary, a season of moderated and con-

trolled hilarity, where bestiality or indecency would cost the perpetrator his social standing.

In the crowding occupations, serious or light, described but too imperfectly in the foregoing pages, our semester soon sped away, and the writer took his leave of the glorious intellectual centre, glad to have had even a single season's share in its great life, though regretful to know that he could not share in it longer. In parting from these memories of Berlin University, it seems pertinent to spur our own ambition here in America, as also here in our home by the Pacific, by pointing out a signal and most significant difference between an institution of that title in Germany, and the same with us. All its students are "mature," *i. e.*, graduates of a *Gymnasium* or, in certain cases, of a *Realschule* of the first class. This means that when they begin their university career, the enormous majority of them have a general and liberal culture about equivalent to that of American students who have won their B. A. degree at good institutions in which Greek, as well as the other liberal subjects, is a required condition. What a literary force, what a scientific force, what an intelligent moral force, must a body of thirty thousand young men at this level of preparation be! What a breadth of conceptions the lecturer may take for granted when he addresses them! And from them alone, by German imperial law, can the ranks of the three leading professions be recruited. No German can enter holy orders, or practice medicine or law, except a university course of at least three years, following upon a liberal discipline very nearly equivalent to that of our best colleges, have preceded his rigorous examination for his profession by a Commission of the State. Let us ponder upon the immense import of such a system of qualifications. Let us learn from it a lesson, not of discouragement, but of resolute aspiration—of diligent national self-criticism, to end in courageous and discriminating national action.

G. H. HOWISON.

TWO MORAL TEACHERS.

THE important postulate with which the political theorists start is that man is by nature a political being. Though this be true, no one will pretend that in that statement we have summed man's essence. Man is no less by nature a moral being; indeed, is not his nature more essentially moral than political?—is he not a political being only in order that he may become a moral one? is he not, in short, a political being because his real nature, his destiny, that is, is a moral one?

Now, though our nature be such, since we have not yet realized it, we are bound to make of our lives a continuous, judiciously-ordered striving towards it. And this striving cannot be done in individual isolation; we must live in, and form a part of, society, for only by our free fulfillment of the complicated relationships there entered, and there only, can we accomplish for ourselves a complete moral instruction. These relations involving a reciprocity of action with others, it is evident that in society we instruct and are instructed by others. We both teach and are taught—the latter much more than the former. No man is self-sufficing, and we daily feel our dependence on one another. “It is not good that man should be alone” is importantly true in more than one reference. Let us consider for a little what help has been given their fellow-men by two of the foremost of this century's teachers, Carlyle and Ruskin; first having regard to their more important teachings, and then to their presentation as adapted to produce their desired effect.

The central doctrine of Carlyle's teaching is that of sincerity, earnest truthfulness. Reality, fact, substance, are everywhere strenuously insisted on, and their opposites, unreality, cant, show, everywhere unsparingly denounced; and in denunciation Carlyle is a master. Indeed, could any habit be more deservedly denounced than that of insincerity, the certain duller of both moral and intellectual perception? As Carlyle says, “How can there be clear vision in head without first clear vision in heart?” In the thought of deception we deceive ourselves—put ourselves in utter discord with the heart of nature, which is fact, truth; and so raise what is not only a bar to our moral progress, but also a positive agent tending to our destruction.

The duty of work-action is urged with almost equal emphasis. Idleness, Carlyle especially hates; anything, he thinks, is better than that. “All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand-labor, there is

something of divineness." The laborer puts into tangible shape ideas that before lay in him unseen; thus God created the world. He who has work has life and religion; he who does work asserts the superiority of himself over his task, and carries with him a consciousness of conquest that is a continual incentive to new activity.

Another of the cardinal doctrines of Carlyle is that comprehensively called by him hero-worship—transcendant admiration for great men as the God-given guides and benefactors of humanity. They are a revelation of the divine in human form; they, and they alone, are truly admirable, and the admiration that we feel for them should lead to utter self-prostration before them. Complete submission and obedience to their precepts is our duty; their lives and works are to be to us an inspiration. This is hero-worship; it means reverence for, and *imitation of*, Divinity as manifested on this earth in human persons.

Two of the more important objects of the bitterest denunciation of Carlyle are dilettanteism and mammonism—trifling frivolity and slavery to lust for gain. His scathing animadversions on these evils are well calculated to bring the reader to a hearty detestation of them.

Sincerity, work, hero-worship, including reverence and obedience, are, then, by Carlyle recommended; sham, cant, idleness, dilettanteism and mammonism are denounced. Several of these have been considered by others to a greater or less extent; some, as hero-worship, scarcely at all. In estimating the value of Carlyle's teaching, however, we shall find that much, if not most, depends not merely on the uniqueness of some of his doctrines, but rather on his presentation of them all.

The pervasive characteristic of Carlyle's style may be well termed forcibleness. The whole style bears clearly the impress of the great power that is in him. Carlyle is a man of very strong feeling—so strong that his penetrative vision is ordinarily directed to attain not the theoretic grounds of proof or refutation, but rather those aspects of his subject that are best adapted to arouse sympathy or hatred. He is thus too frequently led to lose sight of the rational aspect of his topic and take up with the recommendation of mere prejudice. Thus we are told, on one occasion, that the way a man would fight can be judged from the way he sings. But he is by no means always carried by his strong feeling to injudicious extremes; and the strength of his feeling and forcibleness of his utterances are in the main highly invigorating, and oftentimes quite inspiring. Here is one of many passages that might be quoted: "nature, universe, destiny, howsoever we name this grand unnamable fact in the midst of which we live and struggle, is as a heavenly bride and conquest to the wise and brave, to

them who can discern her behests and do them ; a destroying fiend to them who cannot." It is not certain whether his influence as a teacher is not lessened at times by the ruggedness of his style and his harsh, didactic, often cynical manner, repelling those whom he would instruct and persuade. Thus, to the clamorer for "the liberty of not being oppressed by your fellow-man," he says: "No man oppresses thee, O free and independent franchiser ; but does not this stupid porter-pot oppress thee? Thou art the thrall, not of Cedria the Saxon, but of thy own brutal appetites, and this scoured dish of liquor. And thou pratest of thy liberty? Thou entire blockhead!" Now, though this were true, no person or class of persons relishes denunciation of that abusive sort. Most people like to be appealed to as rational beings, capable of weighing all arguments that are offered them, not relishing imperious invectives from dictatorial preachers ; and not finding the manner of address to their taste, are likely to turn in displeasure from what, couched in gentler terms, they would have read to their profit.

"It is a man's sincerity and depth of vision that make him a poet," says our author ; and these qualities are none the less necessary to the teacher of morals. Subsidiary to the power shown by Carlyle in the utterance of his beliefs are his penetrative insight and earnest sincerity. The latter quality in particular lights up every page of his writings with a brightness that is sometimes transfiguring. The first requisites of a teacher are indeed sincerity and earnestness ; these lacking, no influence will attend him ; the human spirit revolts at insincerity and levity in him whom it takes as its guide.

The influence of Carlyle is greatly enhanced by the intense, ardent sympathy that he felt with his fellow-men, and the concern he had for their moral welfare, leading him to lend eagerly all his energies to the cause of their improvement. Critical, denunciatory, cynical often, though he was, at bottom he was far from pessimistic—for does he not tell us that "injustice will not and cannot get harbor for itself, or continue to have footing in this universe, which was made by other than one unjust"? and more pointedly, in the passage quoted above, that "nature is as a heavenly bride and conquest to the wise and brave, to them who can discern her behests and do them"? No, Carlyle was not a pessimist ; with all his thunderous diatribes against human follies and vices, he saw that there was hope for man ; he had else been a poor teacher and helper of them.

In his address on "War," to the students of the Royal Military Academy, at Woolwich, Ruskin said: "All the duties of her children to England may be summed in two words,—industry and honor." Of industry

he says: "Neither days nor lives can be made holy or noble by doing nothing in them; the best prayer at the beginning of a day is that we may not lose its moments; and the best grace before meat, the consciousness that we have justly earned our dinner." Insistence on truth is as pervasive of Ruskin's writings as of Carlyle's. Not a principle is established, not a single work of art criticised, without distinct reference to truth of conception and execution. It is insisted on, that as this has or has not been the guiding motive of the artist, so will his work, *cæteris paribus*, have or lack beauty and permanence. Wise work must be, first honest, then useful and cheerful. In his letters and lectures to workingmen, Ruskin especially insists on conscientiousness of work, and purity of article produced: "Give me short measure of food, and I only lose by you; but give me adulterated food, and I die by you." In these, as in most other important doctrines, even to the spirit—a most laudable one—that gives rise to his indignant tirades at what he believes to be the teachings of political economy, Ruskin agrees with Carlyle; so far as moral views are concerned, then, they stand on nearly the same ground. In one respect, at least, however, they differ, in that Ruskin thinks Carlyle proclaims too encouragingly the ultimate prevalence of good, and does not enough "insist on the inevitable power and infectiousness of all evil, and the easy and utter extinguishableness of good." Does Ruskin's optimism waver here?

In the main, then, there is identity in the doctrines of the two men; but how different are their ways of urging them! Carlyle struck at all that is dishonest, unduly pretentious, false in any way, under such single names as Hypocrisy, Quackery, Puffery, Cant; while Ruskin, equally earnest in his battle against this form of immorality, declaims less at the actions of men, seeking rather to reach their consciences by patient, though often impassioned, persuasion. Carlyle feels strongly; his sympathy, or more commonly his indignation, is all aroused; he takes fire and the intense flame of his wrath consumes whatever stands in its way, with little pause for argument or expostulation; Ruskin, too, feels deeply; his not less strong sympathy or indignation is equally excited; but, proceeding in his earnest desire to help men—there is "no true ambition, but ambition to save," he himself has said—he argues and remonstrates with them with great earnestness and self-possession.

The sight of evil affects Ruskin to intense sorrow, and his grief shows itself in his earnest expostulations with those whom he would save; Carlyle, by similar evidences of depravity, is, by his bitter hatred of the evil acts, affected rather to uncontrollable indignation, which vents itself in merciless denunciation of the practices, and demolition of all the advan-

tage that seems to flow from them. Thus Carlyle seems ever to be pulling down, destroying. But Carlyle is not destructive in the sense, for instance, that the Russian nihilists are—desirous of tearing down indiscriminately, with no settled plan of rebuilding; the very energy with which he combats existing evils, springs from the fact that he is at heart constructive, with definite, systematic views of what men ought to do after they have been recalled from their errors and started on the right path. Yet at the first blush Carlyle seems energetically destructive, and his brusque manner is likely to be repellant to the reader, who may not see the end he has in view.

A human being is a wondrous complex of intellect and feeling, judgment and passion. That we should be such is a necessary consequence of our (formally speaking) dual nature as created beings—beings, that is, formed in the determination of the infinite divine nature, and thus knit up of two fibers essentially irreconcilable, of two eternally antagonistic natures. Thus equipped do we enter life's pilgrimage. Progress in morality is a process of subjecting the lower of these natures to the higher, our proper nature. This involves a continual conflict, of which the turn at any given moment is uncertain; in our present stage of moral life, discomfort is, perhaps, more often the lot of the better nature; but it will not be repressed, for it is ultimately to prevail. By each victory of the higher nature over the lower, the individual, advanced a grade in the moral life, views relations in a changed light, and brings an altered personality into action; whence arises "inconsistency," which may thus be the sign, as it is always a necessary consequence, of growth in morality. But, aside from this, we are all aware of these two aspects of our being, for we know that at times we rise above our every-day habit, and in the possession of a divine light, think and act irreversibly.

Now it is evident that a moral teacher's power for good will be precisely as his influence in the mortal conflict mentioned aids the better nature to continue to speak in these terms—in the subjection of the worse. In so far, then, as he aids his hearers to understand their eternal welfare and stimulates them to work it out, in that degree does he offer them the external conditions of moral growth. There is one condition, however, giving value to all the rest—that of free internal impulse. It is to be feared—but we ought not to make too much of this, for roused antagonism, even, is better than somnolent apathy—that Carlyle would not always be successful in his aim of effecting this internal prompting; that, forgetting that the reader may not comprehend his motive and attitude, he neglects to secure his sympathy, and his strong, declamatory style excites an antagonistic

spirit that is destructive of his end. Of Ruskin just the contrary is true ; feeling that it is his object to bring his reader to look at matters from his point of view, he approaches him considerately, winning first his sympathy by words and tone, and then proceeds in a temper explanatory and remonstrant, rather than aggressive and denunciatory. He takes great pains to point out how an evil is such, and going at great length into analysis of human faculties and motives,—Carlyle has no elaborate psychology—explains how character is by deception, idleness, and selfishness corrupted, and, on the other hand, by truth, purity, industry, and humility, ennobled.

In fine, viewing generally the probable influence of both writers, Carlyle, by virtue of his peculiarly energetic manner, is calculated to rouse the lethargic spirit to a lively sense of its errors, and to give it a strong push forward on the right path, equipped, moreover, with principles that will act as correctives in case of a tendency to deviation ; a more valuable service could not be rendered. Ruskin, on the other hand, while not so helpful in these respects, with his more graceful style, might attract where Carlyle would repel, and by his more elaborate consideration of moral topics, would lead the reader to analyze his own moral states, and more habitually to practice self-regulation. He would thus contribute much toward the furtherance of what Carlyle had so well begun.

M. E. BLANCHARD, U. C., '87.

FLUMINA ITALIAE.

QUAM juga, quam notas juvat hic exquirere silvas,
Edita qua celebri flumina fonte ruunt;
Naris ubi ingenti devolvitur unda tumultu,
Clitumnus placidum qua tenet ortus iter;
Aut ubi, delabens infecto cana liquore,
Sulfure fumantes Albula lambit agros.
Levia nonnunquam repeto tua, Thybri, fluenta,
Nec mihi non amnis littus inane placet,
Qui, licet e sterili deducat origine cursum
(Plenius et flumen parciore urna neget,)
Saepe poetarum decoratus versibus audet
Danubium et fluvios spernere, Nile, tuos.
O mihi divino si circum pectora mota
Musa pari tantas concitet igne faces,
Protinus eniteant in carmine mille decores,
Cedat et Italiae Virgiliana meae.

E. N.

RIVERS OF ITALY.*

How am I pleased to search the hills and woods
For rising springs and celebrated floods;
To see the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source;
View hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.
Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire
And the famed river's empty shore admire,
That, destitute of strength, derives its course
From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source;
Yet, sung so often in poetic lays,
With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys.
Oh, could the muse my ravished breast inspire
With equal warmth and raise an equal fire,
Unnumbered beauties in my verse should shine,
And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine.

*Translation of the above Latin verses.

EDITORIAL.

THE BERKELEYAN has good reason to take part heartily in the festivities of the Commencement season. The magazine, during the brief period since its establishment in its new form, has met with words of encouragement and friendliness on every hand. It has met with sympathetic co-operation among faculty, students, and *alumni*. This sympathetic co-operation, constituting the very life and being of a journal such as ours, has delighted, if it has not surprised us, and we cannot let this commencement go by, without open acknowledgement of its disinterested sincerity and helpfulness.

Next term we shall aim to give the magazine a stronger local flavor than heretofore. This we shall do upon the advice of many *alumni* and former residents, who do not find enough of reminiscence in our staid pages to make them as interesting as they might be. But whatever additions or alterations we shall decide upon, will be made, not to the sacrifice, but to the enlargement of those features which we have always meant to be characteristic of the BERKELEYAN. The professed ideal with which we started out we see no reason to relinquish; all else must be subsidiary and incidental to that ideal.

UNDER the title "*Concio ad Clerum*," a pamphlet has been published which calls the attention of the people of the State of California to the proposed founding of a college under the auspices of the Synod of the Pacific of the Presbyterian Church. This institution is to be dignified by the name of the "College of California." A Board of Trustees and a President have already been elected, and a curriculum has been arranged and announced; the President of the Board of Trustees is presumably to be the President of the college. *The resources of the State University at Berkeley are to be used* so far as they may be needed.

It is necessary, according to the appeal of the President, to establish such a college,

1. Because the moral nature of the students is not looked after in other educational institutions.

2. The subjects taught are not sufficient, Biblical teachings being neglected.

3. The methods employed are not well adapted in specific instances.

Now we wish to say concerning this whole scheme, that we have no objection if it is to be an institution absolutely separate and independent from the University, and we feel free to confess that we have no sympathy at all with the idea, if there is to be any connection whatever between this college and the University. Any affiliation, no matter what its nature or pretext, would have a deteriorating influence on our University and its work, and would become a dangerous invasion of the spirit of free and unrestrained inquiry which exists at the present time. To dissipate any feeling of doubt on the probability of such a result, it is only necessary to refer for a brief examination, to the curriculum proposed for the new College of California.

With the value of religious teaching we are not here concerned. But if, as is recklessly asserted, but not maintained, we need moral discipline and instruction, let it be such in the widest sense of the word. There can be only one *real* morality, and not a Presbyterian, a Methodist, or a Congregational code of ethics. If we must have more direct divine learning, let it come through competent teachers of the science and progress of religious thought, eminent theologians, chosen by our Regents; but let us not become the unsuspecting prey of bigots foisted upon us through association with any sectarian institution. If needs be, let us have unbiased expounders, not prejudiced advocates.

But is the University open to the charge of being a godless and irreligious institution? are the students immoral and corrupt? We regret very much that the calumny of certain individuals and the thoughtlessness of others, make it necessary yearly to advert to this periodic howl against the moral condition of the University. Such complaints can certainly only be the offspring of malice or ignorance, or else of a very irrational and novel conception of morality. So far from being the occasion for apology, or lamentation, or accusation, the average moral conduct of the students of the University of California should be a matter for merited commendation and honorable pride. It is our well-grounded conviction that a comparison with any of the better colleges of the East would throw no discredit on our University. The testimony and reports of Eastern visitors and educators go directly to confirm this conclusion, and we believe that the generality of the people of this State are coming to look upon these annual libels as the work of ignoble persons actuated by ignoble motives.

No warm friend of this University could advocate or ever countenance an association of the University with such a school as the one proposed, when it is quite apparent that one of the main pleas for the creation of the new college is based upon derogation of the University. Truest religion is not in conflict with the scientific aspirations of the University, but narrow dogma is. Truest religion does not fear Darwin, but blindness despises him.

If several such appendages as the one under discussion were attached to the University, we fear that much annoyance would follow. Not that the broad and truthful views of the University would not in the long run prevail, but at first we should be compelled to face and combat an immense amount of ignorance and prejudice among those siding in any issue with their particular creed. Considering all things, we believe it will be wise to let the University preserve her complete independence, and let ecclesiastical schools go their own way by themselves. We would furthermore suggest that the choice of the name "College of California" is very unfortunate. This name is connected with the early history of the University, and undesirable confusion may, therefore, arise later on. The graduates of the old College of California may have some reason to complain. Would it not be in closer keeping with the design and true nature of the new institution to have the name changed to "Presbyterian College of California?"

THE council of the American Society for Psychical Research has recently sent out a circular from Boston to the members and associates of the society in various parts of the United States, requesting of them a heartier and more extensive co-operation. As those interested in psychical phenomena probably will remember, the society was formed at the end of 1884, and was suggested by, and largely modeled upon, the English society of the same name, which had then been in existence three years. Accompanying

the circular is a copy of the society's constitution, including a list of its officers and members. Among the names of the members of the council, we notice that of Professor Roycé. The list of active members includes representatives from various Eastern colleges and universities, also many prominent members of the medical profession, together with a number of well-known scientists. The names of Andrew D. White, of Cornell University, Prof. Asa Gray, and Prof. William James will serve to indicate the standard of membership.

The object of the society is described in the first article of its constitution as "the systematic study of the laws of mental action." The society believes that there is in existence a large body of facts that are inexplicable by the laws of any known science, and that these facts indicate, or at least suggest, the possible existence of a science not yet developed. The research work of the society has been divided between five committees:—

1. Committee on Thought Transference.
2. Committee on Apparitions and Haunted Houses.
3. Committee on Hypnotism (mesmerism).
4. Committee on Mediumistic Phenomena.
5. Committee on Experimental Psychology.

The circular contains directions for the execution of experiments in regard to phenomena falling within either of the departments represented by the above committees, and requests that members, or others interested in the object of the society, make these experiments as often as convenient, and send the results to the secretary of the society.

As we know, the English society claims to have made considerable progress toward the explanation of certain psychical phenomena, and no reason exists to prevent similar progress being made by the society in America. The collection of well-authenticated experiences, and the results of careful experiments, will at least enable the society to reduce to facts some of that mass of material that rests now on hearsay evidence, and to discard the rest as the product of imagination—a process which is the first step in the development of a science. Whether the data that may be found will prove full enough, and of such a nature as to warrant the belief in a new science, which will explain from the material side the connection of mind and matter, and their relations to each other, is a question yet to be determined by the society. But in the interests of human knowledge and general progress it is desirable that the question of the existence of such a science should be settled in one way or the other, and no better means could be taken for its determination than those the society has adopted.

REVIEWS.

BEGG'S "DEVELOPMENT OF TASTE."

THE title of this work we are inclined to consider as the deep device of a skilled polemic. One reads the first hundred and fifty pages, believing the book to be what its title indicates. One follows the author in his tracings of the appreciation of the beautiful in nature from its faint beginnings in prehistoric man, through its expansion in the Hebrews, the Greeks, and the Romans, to its latest and fullest development in the modern individual. The author would now seem to be at the end of his subject, and the reader wonders what is to fill the remaining two-thirds of the book. On reading a chapter or two in advance, however, he is enlightened as to what the real subject of the book is, viz., an investigation of the nature of beauty, with reference to a decision on the question of the possibility of a standard of taste. All of this writing on the development of taste is seen to be a skillful device for preparing the ground of the argument, as well as the mind of the reader, for the decision of the question which is the real object of the book. This previous work brings out the fact that in spite of all the variation in the æsthetic sense of different peoples and ages, there is yet an essential unity; the variation is seen to be one of intensity and extent, rather than of direction. Now this universality of taste as to what is beautiful, is just the point the author wished to make, in order that it might serve as evidence in favor of the objectivity of beauty.

With this question of the nature of beauty in mind, the author inquires into the origin of our perception of the beautiful. He reviews and discusses all the prominent views regarding this subject, shows up the hollowness and insufficiency of the association theory, and shows that most writers on the question have confounded the beauty of objects and the subjective sentiments which arise therefrom.

This confusion of other writers, together with the requirements of the question at issue, impels the author into an inquiry concerning the residence of beauty. Is it objective, and inherent in objects, or is it a product of mind? He answers that it is both; it is the one *because* it is the other. This decision involves, of course, the idealistic philosophy, the doctrine of the essential unity of mind and matter as its ground—the only theory of the relation of mind and matter that can make beauty a reality, or anything more than a subjective imagining, that may have, for aught we can know to the contrary, no possible relation to "things in themselves."

Beauty, then, is the product of thought, though not of our thought. It is objective, and manifests itself in objects, and can be discerned by us, because we are thinking beings. The beautiful, the author claims, cannot be disassociated from the good; nor can æsthetics in general be severed from conscious or unconscious religious thought or feeling. "Sublimity in its last analysis rests on our thoughts of God."

But the author is anxious to make out his case that beauty is a power inherent in objects, and after saying all this, he is afraid he has lost his balance, and has leaned too

far on that side of his theory which regards beauty as subjective as well as objective. So, to recover himself, he makes an admission on the opposite side, which seems to us not only incorrect, but inconsistent with the general position which he wishes to maintain. While admitting that all the deeper manifestations of beauty require thought and reflection for their discernment, especially the thought or feeling of a great power working in and through nature, there is a beauty, he says, that can be discerned and appreciated entirely without any such thought, even without thought, proper, at all. There is a beauty that we perceive instantaneously the first time it is presented to us. No thought about it, no reflection is needed, he thinks. Besides, children who are incapable of any thought about beauty, or of any thought of God in it, recognize some forms of beauty instantly when presented to them.

In thus claiming that some kinds of beauty require thought, and the thought of an immanent God, for their discernment, while other kinds do not, the author admits a dualistic principle in the nature of beauty and in our perceptions of it, which is fatal to his own theory, and, indeed, to any theory whatever of beauty or taste, unless it be an agnostic one. This argument of his for the objectivity of beauty reminds one much of Locke's arguments against the existence of innate ideas, and involves a very similar fallacy, viz., that of supposing that there is no thought or possession of an idea that may influence action and perception, unless it is a thought or an idea more or less consciously held.

If beauty is the product of universal thought—that thought which is also the constitutive principle of our perception, and, therefore, of our taste—as the author claims it is, it follows that the child's perception of beauty, or that perception of it which a thoughtless person has, is regulated by the same principles, is the effect of the same cause, as its perception by the philosopher or the poet who has the conscious thought of God in every perception. If an object appears beautiful to the beholder, it is because in some way his soul acknowledges it as akin to itself; the mind meets itself in external manifestation. With some objects, with some kinds of beauty, the recognition is instantaneous, intuitive; so rapid that the beholder is entirely unconscious of the process. With other objects, other kinds of beauty, the recognition is slower, greater complexity involving more or less conscious reflection before identification takes place. But in each case the process is essentially the same in kind, and so, also, the beauty.

With the exception pointed out, the author's arguments for the objectivity of beauty are sound, and his philosophical theory is the only one on which any rational system of æsthetics is possible.

In thus establishing beauty as a real power inhering in objects, and in making the relations of mind and matter such that the real nature of material objects are cognizable by mind, the author has already answered the question as to the existence of a standard of taste. There is a unity and general agreement in matters of taste. What is beautiful is not "a mere matter of taste," or of individual opinion. But can a standard of taste be formulated? Can the beautiful be defined? No, not adequately and satisfactorily, thinks the author. In attempting to define beauty we make it an abstraction, which it is not. We can at best give only partial or formal definitions. In attempting to retain the concreteness of beauty, we define it as it appears in a certain class of objects, only. In trying to make a definition which shall be universal, the essence of beauty escapes. And so with the question of a standard of taste, which is involved in this question of the determination of beauty. There is a standard of taste, and we practically recognize it and act upon it, but any expression of it in language fails to satisfy us. Such is the conclusion of the author.

The book has much to recommend it in being a very full and complete discussion of the subject of taste, and one entered upon after a careful examination of all rival theories. The subject was, as we learn from the preface, long and familiarly in the author's mind, and the book shows some clear thinking on a subject about which much nonsense has been written. As a fault of method and style, we would mention the disposition to follow out all the ramifications of the subordinate questions arising from a widely-ramifying subject; and also the tendency of carrying out arguments to their fullest expression, where short, suggestive arguments would serve the purpose better, and would be, at the same time, less tiresome to the reader.

ROYCE'S "FEUD OF OAKFIELD CREEK."*

MR. ROYCE'S novel is far from being an artistic and finished production, but on the other hand it is equally far from being flat or insipid. If its faults are glaring, there are evidences of power here and there which almost compensate. Besides, it very evidently does not belong to that class of novels which are nothing if not finished and artistic. It is decidedly a novel with a story, and a very realistic story too. One is inclined to say that there is almost too much story. The plot is very ingenious, but too complex for the easy and artistic management of anyone not a Scott or a Bulwer.

The scene is laid near the foot-hills of East Oakland, 1878 being the time at which the action of the story begins. The plot grows out of the relations of various persons who hold conflicting claims to a large land grant. It may be questioned whether a long and complicated lawsuit is at all capable of artistic treatment. At any rate we must regard it in the present case as an unwisely selected piece of mechanism. In the author's hands it is an unwieldy and cumbersome piece of machinery, which hampers the progress and diminishes the interest of the real story. We lay it to the account of the land suit also, that the author makes the first two-thirds of the book almost wholly retrospective. This part of the story is rather clumsily managed by endowing each of the various characters with an inveterate habit of confidential story-telling, which cannot but often prove tedious to the reader.

Throughout the first half of the book there is a lack of certainty, of directness, and of clearness of outline. The law of selection could have been more severely followed with much increase of dramatic force. Not until the story ceases to be retrospective and begins to deal with the relations between Harold and Mrs. Eldon, does it become real and alive. The vision becomes keener, the touch more accurate and delicate. The scenes between these two characters are drawn with considerable clearness and power, and with perhaps one or two exceptions, are the best parts of the book. The story of the Indian fight related by the senior Eldon is told with much sprightliness and humor, and is vivid enough to have been a personal experience. After the somewhat indistinct and labored description in the early part of the book, one is surprised to come upon such strong, clear work as the description of the scene around Spofford's Hotel, on the morning before the fight of the settlers.

The character-drawing, like the other work, is quite uneven in quality. The characters of Escott and Eldon are fairly well drawn after considerable description and other attention, while young Eldon remains shadowy to the last. Mrs. Eldon, the cen-

**The Feud of Oakfield Creek.* A novel of California Life. By Josiah Royce. 1887. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. Price, \$1.25.

tral character, is from the first real flesh and blood, but she gives us the strange impression of never having been completely understood by the author. Harold, though not strongly drawn, also rings true. But undoubtedly the most vigorously conceived character is the journalist Boscowitz. The author takes comparatively little trouble with him, but he asserts his own reality as soon as introduced, and keeps it without further attention. He is as typical and distinctive as one of Dickens' characters.

Though much of the story is tragical, and even suggestive of the fatalism of George Eliot and Jourgénieff, it is throughout lightened by a humor which is very genuine and individual; so genuine that one scarcely has the heart to remark that it sounds just a trifle too much alike from the lips of the different characters. It is its humor, together with the really good work of the latter portion of the book, that makes the story interesting in spite of the tedious and inartistic story-telling of the early part.

We cannot forbear suggesting that if the work of the first two-thirds of the book as it stands had been gone through with by the author merely as a preparatory exercise for clarifying his conceptions; if then the plot had been simplified and much of the machinery dispensed with, the result would have been a novel more level with the power and capabilities which appear here and there throughout the book. When Mr. Royce learns to know just where his power as a novelist lies, and learns how to use it to the most advantage, we will expect a novel from him that will deserve all the praise his friends might wish to bestow upon this. As it is, the present one is more valuable for its promise of power than for its execution.

THE PHILLIPS EXETER LECTURES.*

DURING the year 1885-86, a course of lectures was delivered to the students of Phillips Exeter Academy. Eight of these lectures have been collected and published under the above title, forming a volume of two hundred pages. Their authors are Presidents McCosh, Walker, Bartlett, Robinson, Porter, and Carter, and Rev. Drs. Hale and Brooks. In quality these lectures quite fulfill the high expectations raised by these names. It is scarcely necessary to say that none of them are high-flown efforts, gotten up for occasions, but are simple, earnest, practical appeals to the young manhood and womanhood to which they are addressed. As such, coming from men of wide learning and much experience, they cannot fail to be both interesting and valuable for students everywhere, and not only for students, but for all thoughtful men and women.

These lectures, with the exception of President Walker's, on "Socialism," are all alike in bearing more or less directly on education as a development of character. One is at first surprised to find the burden of their lectures so much the same. True manhood and womanhood, they all reiterate, is the only real object and end of all our educational devices. They are so earnest about this because they notice a widespread tendency to forget the real end, and to substitute for it things which are only means. It is not an accident that these men, the representatives of the learning and culture of our country, should write with such a unity of sentiment, both on this and on other matters, or that they should each unconsciously remind their readers of the teachings of Emerson. This unity indicates—Matthew Arnold to the contrary notwithstanding—that there exists in the United States a national culture, and a national sentiment regarding it.

* *The Phillips Exeter Lectures.* 1887. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston and New York. Price, \$1.50.

The volume opens with the lecture of Edward Everett Hale on "Physical, Mental, and Spiritual Exercises." Comment is unnecessary. Everyone knows with what earnest, practical sense he writes on such subjects. President McCosh follows on "Habit and Its Influence in the Training at School." It is significant of an increased interest in, and attention to, educational methods, that within the last few months several books or lectures on the subject of habit in education have been published by American authors, also one or more foreign works on the same subject have been translated by Americans.

The lecture by Dr. McCosh is entirely untechnical, and is confined to pointing out effects of habit observed in a long experience with educational affairs. The author shows how habit is an equally powerful instrumentality for good or for evil, according to its use, and calls attention to the importance of a wise use of it by both teachers and students.

President Bartlett has a pleasing, simple, and well-illustrated address on the "Spontaneous Element in Scholarship." By this he means the inner impulse and self-moved activity of the student, and he has much to say on the importance, to the would-be scholar, of keeping this impulse alive and active.

President Carter, of Williams, has contributed a very heart-felt lecture on the "Sentiment of Reverence." He warns educators and students against a too exclusive development of the coldly critical and intellectual side of their nature. Reverence and admiration are the highest emotions of which we are capable, and they are able to draw even the intellect to higher heights. He thinks the exclusively intellectual, or any other one-sided education, will produce abnormal men, and its result will, sooner or later, be apparent in *ennui* and discontent. Irreverence and the disposition to thoughtlessly sweep away old institutions he thinks is the vice of our country.

It is well that these men, who stand aside from the strong, youthful current of change, and hence are in a position to view things calmly, should warn us that that current may carry us farther than we ourselves might wish, and it is well to listen to such men. But it strikes us that President Carter is somewhat too much afraid of the iconoclasm of youthful energy, and that he has too little faith in the ability of that energy to construct as well as to destroy.

"The Ideal Scholar" is the theme of President Porter. With such a collection of lectures, comparisons are perhaps odious. But there are degrees of excellence, and this address is undoubtedly the most comprehensive, and the best and most forcibly written of the collection. Among other things, it contains a defense of Greek, as a necessary and useful part of a scholar's equipment, which is not easily answered.

The two remaining lectures are by President Robinson, of Brown University, on "Man: Made, Self-made, and Unmade," and Rev. Phillips Brooks, on "Biography." The promise of President Robinson's rich and suggestive subject is fully realized by the lecture. In the lecture on "Biography" it is the object of the lecturer to show the value of biography for purposes of inspiration, and for the cultivation of character. For these purposes it is, of all forms of literature, especially fitted, he thinks, since it is pre-eminently the union of literature and life.

This volume of lectures will have much interest, not only for our students and educators, but for all those interested in culture and learning, either for themselves only, or for others.

DR. PLUMPTRE'S "DANTE."

DR. PLUMPTRE'S translation of the "Commedia" bases its claim to notice on an attempted reproduction of the trite rhyme of the original. He has, to be sure, two or three predecessors, who have translated Dante with special reference to bringing out this feature, but their work has never attracted any very extensive recognition. The present translation recognizes the impossibility either of preserving absolute identity of form, or of reproducing the liquid, mellow music of the original. But he thinks it the duty and the wisdom of a translator to aim at the nearest possible analogue which the nature of the English language admits. And a translation which is to succeed in this aim has many difficulties to overcome, and if it attains a fair degree of success, as Dr. Plumptre's seems to us to do, it is certainly deserving of great praise. It is to be expected, however, that a translation which is fettered by the design of following a difficult rhymed form, will involve certain defects—such as deficiency in literalness and force—that in the freer blank verse might be obviated. Dr. Plumptre's translation falls far short of the simple and literal forcefulness of Longfellow's translation, and though almost as literal as Cary's, fails to reproduce the spirit of the original so well as Cary's does. Roundabout and less vivid expressions are frequently used instead of the simple, direct ones of the original. The ear and the imagination are often pleased by a certain grace and elegance at the expense of the sharp and enduring impression made by the original. Thus in the eighth line of the fourteenth canto the original reads literally, "I say we reached a plain which from its bed repels all plants." Longfellow has finely rendered it by the two lines,—

"I say that we arrived upon a plain,
Which from its bed rejected every plant."

And Cary,—

"A plain we reached that from its sterile bed
Each plant repelled."

Dr. Plumptre renders it thus,—

"I say we had reached a wide waste plain,
Where from its bed no plants their nurture draw."

The weakening of the passage by the substitution of the commonplace expression for the poetic strength of the original is too evident to require comment.

Again, in canto twenty-four of the "Inferno," line seventy, the original reads, "I had turned myself downward, but the living eyes could not reach the bottom for the darkness." Dr. Plumptre has rendered it,—

"I stooped; no eye, with fullest life imbued,
Could pierce the abysmal depth of that obscure."

This is not bad; in fact, the rhythm, and the imaginative suggestiveness of the phrase "abysmal depth," go far toward blinding one to the loss of the simple, direct force of the original. The celebrated passage introducing the story of Francisco in the fifth canto of the "Inferno," Dr. Plumptre renders thus:—

"I now had reached a spot
Where smote mine ear loud wail and many a groan.
I came unto a place where light was not,
Which murmurs ever like a storm-vexed sea,
When strife of winds in conflict waxes hot.
That storm of hell, which rest doth never see,

Bears on the spirits with its whirling blast,
 And, hurling, dashing, pains exceedingly.
 When they before the precipice have passed,
 There pour they tears, and wailing, and lament."

The weakening of this passage is very evident on comparison with the following rendering of Longfellow's, which is remarkably literal:—

" now am I come
 There where much lamentation strikes upon me.
 I came into a place mute of all light,
 Which bellows as the sea does in a tempest,
 If by noisy winds 'tis combated.
 The infernal hurricane that never rests,
 Hurtles the spirits onward in its rapine;
 Whirling them round, and smiting, it molests them.
 When they arrive before the precipice,
 There are the shrieks, the plaints, and the laments."

While Dr. Plumptre's translation cannot hope to become as popular as Longfellow's or Cary's, it may supplement these, since, like any translation which aims at reproducing a special feature, it has merits peculiar to itself.

LETTERS OF TRAVEL.

AMONG the charming books which have lately attracted our attention, one of the most delightful is, "Letters of Travel," by Mrs. L. C. Lane, the cultured wife of San Francisco's great surgeon. In forty-three letters, forming so many chapters, pen-sketches of scenes, landscapes, and life in Europe and Egypt, from the personal observation of the authoress, and written, as it seems, on the spot visited, greet us with inviting freshness. Our interest increases as we take our journey, in thought at least, with our eloquent guide, and the time it takes us to wander through Ireland, England, Italy, Switzerland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Russia, Germany, and Egypt, seems to have five minutes to the hours, and five seconds to the minutes. The pictures presented are independent of each other, being strung together like pearls upon a string, so that when the reader has read the book through, he feels like turning the chapters backwards, and enjoying the journey home upon familiar paths.

There is no philosophizing in the volume; on the contrary, we are simply made to see what the writer herself observed, but the description is most vivid, full of warmth, sometimes rising to brilliant coloring, tempered in many places by bits of charming humor and irony.

So panoramic and objective are the pictures, that the reader must regret to be left in the dark about the authoress, of whom, personally, we might like to learn something, after traveling in her company so far. But with persistent modesty she keeps herself in the background.

ROYCE'S "CALIFORNIA."*

CALIFORNIA is as yet too young to have given birth to many sons who could have already gained high places in the world of scholarship and letters. She has, as it were,

* *California*. A study of American character. By Jos'ah Royce, Assistant Professor of Philosophy in Harvard College. 1886. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. Price \$1.25.

adopted many who have immortalized her name by reflecting her spirit and portraying the varying moods and currents of her life. Perhaps that native son who has already gained highest place in the scholastic world, is Josiah Royce, a graduate of the University of California, now an honored member of Harvard's Faculty, and still just turned the thirtieth page in his life-book.

Within three years, as many books have come from his hand. The first, on his chosen subject, philosophy, "The Religious Aspect of Philosophy;" his second, one of the American Commonwealth Series, on "California," and within a few weeks has come to hand his last, a novel, "The Feud of Oakfield Creek," of which a review will be found in this number.

Why Mr. Royce should have descended from his philosophical aerie to mix with barn-yard fowl, why he should cease to write on the deep problems of philosophy, with which few can grapple, and where he was a young David, and come down to talking of the ordinary men and things, which many can do as well, it is hard to conjecture. Someone tells us that Paganini, the greatest of violinists, and the most awkward of men, actually felt prouder of the clumsy and ungainly bow which closed his performance, than of the wonderful performance itself.

Coming in the Commonwealth Series, it would be supposed that "California" could be classified as a history, yet this is only partially true. The author presents his work as a study of American character exemplified in the conquest and development of a State. Looked at as a history, the work cannot be called a success; considered as a character study, founded on a skeleton of historical fact, "California" is a book of much merit and considerable weight. It cannot be overlooked, however, that there is much matter in the work which can in no sense be looked on as illustrating the character study—matter which was evidently inserted to help out the other, the historical, side of the book. There is this duality of purpose, which is confusing and unsatisfying to the reader.

The introductory chapter, telling of the land and its people, is essential to the book, no matter in what light it is viewed. Perhaps its best feature is the just appreciation taken of the Spanish character. The next two chapters are chiefly historical. They amount to little if we look upon the work as a study of American character, and as history they reveal little that is new. Mr. Royce takes the view now generally accepted, that Captain Fremont, far from aiding in the acquisition of California by the United States, was a hindrance, but the tortuous pseudo-logical method by which that conclusion is arrived at, is the weakest part of the book, and, to say the least, is unworthy of emulation as true historical method.

The author rejects the traditional idea that England was anxious to possess California, and that Seymour raced with Sloat for the possession, on the ground that he can find no documentary evidence upholding such a theory. He does not claim to have had access to all the papers on the subject, English as well as American, yet he peremptorily overrides the popular tradition and the statements of several parties, noticeably that of General Vallejo, who claims to know of the direct efforts put forth by the Britishers, and of their chagrin at defeat.

These two matters, Fremont's campaign and the Sloat affair, take up nearly 250 pages, which had, perhaps, as far as the real motive of the book is concerned, as well have been left blank.

But we now come to chapters which are true, interesting, and in complete accord with the author's own purpose, that the work should reveal American character under

the guise of historical narrative. In relating the struggle for order and self-government, Mr. Royce is happy and at home; his method is easy, and his appreciation of people and events in the main correct and liberal.

Nothing could be more pleasing than the semi-philosophical way in which he treats of the "pan and cradle as social agents." He shows the disorder that reigned when the pan was the only means of mining, and how, as the cradle followed the pan, and the "Long Tom" succeeded both, society became necessarily more inter-dependent, responsibilities increased, duties became recognized, and order was evolved out of disorder.

Thus we see that wherever Mr. Royce has carried out his own idea as to the general purpose of the work, he was happy, but wherever he felt that he was filling in a volume of an historical series, he was decidedly infelicitous.

Those who years ago read the essays of Josiah Royce, the undergraduate and instructor, in the *Berkeley Quarterly*, and were delighted with their excellent English, must feel grieved now to notice the disjointed, colloquial style of the Harvard professor. His sentences show too plainly the influence of the rugged and uneven German; indeed, one of the unhappy effects of the present German culture is that many of our best writers are losing the elegance of their English style.

The history of California in the United States still remains to be written.

END OF VOLUME XXIII.

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